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GALLOP
AMONG
AMERICAN SCENERY.

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN SCENES AND MILITARY ADVENTURE.

BY

AUGUSTUS E. SILLIMAN.

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TO

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

THIS

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A number of the following Sketches have appeared at intervals in the columns of the New-York American.

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BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

No. — STATE-STREET—(storm without)—apartment strewed with sundry bachelor appurtenances, fronting on the Battery—a gentleman, in dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, measuring the room with hasty strides—exclaimeth impatiently—

North-east by the flags of the shipping in the bay! North-east by the chill rain dashing on the window panes! North-east by the weather-cocks on all the steeples, from St. Paul's to the dog-vane on the stable end! *North-east* by the ache of every bone in my body! Eheu! What's to be done? No going abroad in this torrent. I've read all the landlady's little library. How shall I kill the enemy? I'll whistle; vulgar. Sing; I can't. There are the foils and the gloves. Pshaw! I have no friend to pommel or pink; besides, the old lady in the room below, has nerves. Whew! how it pours. I'll—I'll—stand and look out into the street. Jupiter! how near the bread-cart came to going over the chimney sweep. Poor Sooty—how he grins! He owes the worm no silk—whatever obligations his rags may be under to the sheep. Poor fellow! Holloa! ho! blackey; catch this quarter, and get you a hot breakfast. There goes that con-

founded battery gate again! bang—bang—night and day. There's never a loafer takes his morning promenade, or even siesta on the grass, but must needs follow his dirty face through that particular gate.

Alas! me miserable. What shall I do? The spirit of ennui rides me as thoroughly as did the "old man of the sea" Sinbad the sailor. Eh! they're the dumb bells. Diminish nervous excitability, by muscular exertion. Good!—humph; and there's the old lady's nerves below. How the wind roars and rumbles round the chimney tops. Rain—rain—rain. There! that tin spout is choked, and the gutter is pouring over a young cataract. Oh! that I were a newspaper carrier, or a whale—or the sea serpent, chasing the down East fishermen—or—in short, any thing, so that I need not mind the wet. Hum—hum—what shall I do? I have it. Eureka! I have it. I'll sit down and give my friend of the American an account of my last ramble.

(Rolleth his chair up to the table at the fire—crosseth his legs on the fender—and proceedeth to nib his pen.) Now for it. (Writes.)

You well recollect, my dear Mr. Editor, the arguments that I used, to induce you to make a short journey to the South with me last summer; and your answer, "I can't leave the paper." You well recollect that I urged that we were not born to work alone; that life

was short; that sixteen or sixty, its term was but a flash; that we were rushing on with increased velocity to that bourne, whose sands are marked by no returning foot-print—that bourne where the sceptre and diadem of the monarch lie contemptuously hurled with the goad and chain of the slave—where, their service ended, the broken wain of the yeoman, and the grim cannon of the soldier, interlock their shattered wheels; the bayonet and pruning-hook—the sword and the ploughshare rest without a name. You well recollect that I reproached you, the rather, with too great love for the green fields and giant elms around your cottage at Elizabethtown; that I swore by my faith! and I believed in the doctrine of Pythagoras, that I should look to see thy immortal part, transferred on its exit, from its present habitation to one of those huge trees towering into the blue ether; that there, in the sunny mornings of summer, for sonnets which do enliven thy columns, I should hear the joyous call of the robin—the shrill whistle of the scarlet oriole; for sparkling wit,—the dew of night glittering on thy leaves in the early sunbeams; for wise old saws, and dreamy legends, venerable moss gathering upon thy trunk and branches, while, alike in the evening wind or howling blast, thou shouldest stand firm against casuistry or dictation. "Wilt go?" "Wilt join me?" —with soft persuasion murmured I. "The paper—the paper—the pa—per," quoth thou. "Presto," quoth

I—and without more ado started in my usual heels-over-head fashion, alone on my journey.

I swept over the broad breast of the Delaware—dashed down the enemy insulted Chesapeake—bounded through the city of riots and beauty, and came down on my feet at the cottage of my whole-souled friend, Tom B——, on the banks of the Potomac. The afternoon of my arrival was warm and still, and every thing in nature, even the birds, seemed wrapped in indolent repose. Slowly sauntering through the long vistas of sycamores and elms, which adorned the grounds in picturesque avenues, the airy East Indian cottage of my friend suddenly broke upon my sight, peering from a whole load of flowering vines and sweet briars, tall white lilies, and moss roses, from thick beds of myrtle at their feet, climbing into the half open lattices, while two towering pines almost crossed their extended branches above its lowly roof. I stole quietly through the open door, examining the choice Italian landscapes hanging upon the walls of the airy grass-matted hall,—slid through the drawing-rooms, stopping for a moment to scan the crouching Venus and dying Gladiator on their pedestals; to admire the exquisite Magdalen of Carlo Dolce—the lovely Claude, the Cenci, and Flora beneath their silken tassels,—and coming out upon the verandah overlooking the river, suspended in his grass hammock, found master Tom, enjoying his luxurious siesta. His double-barrelled gun

and game-bag—his linen shooting jacket, huge sombrero, and hunting-boots, were tumbled promiscuously in one corner of the piazza,—while half a dozen fine plover, turning up their plump breasts, a partridge, and some score of yellow-legged snipe, with the powder-flask and shot-belt, were thrown across the back of the rustic settee, trophies of his morning's sport, beneath which, with their noses extended between their legs in like luxurious repose, lay the huge old Newfoundlander, "Bernard," and his favourite pointer, "Soho."

The mild breeze bore in the sweet perfume of the honey-suckle from a neighbouring arbour, and the broad Potomac, stretched tranquilly onwards, undisturbed save by the occasional jibe of the boom, or lazy creak of the rudder of some craft, reflected with her white sails upon its surface. The garden, with its white-gravelled walks, bordered with box, descended in parterres to the river's edge—an embroidered carpet of flowers; and lemon and orange trees, released from their winter's confinement, displayed their golden fruit, hanging amid the green leaves in tempting profusion. I bent over and looked into the hammock, and could not but admire the serenity of the manly features, the measured heave of the broad chest, and the masses of raven locks, playing around the white forehead of the sleeper, as they were slowly lifted by the play of the passing wind. I thought it were a sin to disturb him, so drawing out my cigar case, I stretched myself on

the settee at his side, complacently reclining my head upon its arm. Whiles watching the blue smoke of my "Regalia," as it slowly wreathed and floated above my head—whiles watching the still dreamy flow of the river—and whiles—if I must confess it—cogitating which had been the wisest, myself the bachelor, or Tom the married man,—Tom, myself, the dogs, forming a tolerably correct picture of *still* life,—a still life that remained unbroken for some half hour, when through the glass door of the drawing-room a beautiful boy of three or four years came galloping into the piazza, and bounding towards the dogs, threw himself full length upon the shaggy Newfoundlander, manfully striving to pull open his huge jaws with his little hands. The Newfoundlander opening his eyes, saw me, and raising himself on his legs, gave a low growl; while the child, relinquishing his hold upon the ears to which he had clung, as the dog rose to his feet, came slowly up to me, and placing his plump little hands upon my knee, looked curiously and inquiringly into my face, his golden locks falling in a profusion of ringlets down his superb sunburnt shoulders. I was charmed with the confidence, and innocence, and sweetness beaming from his gaze, and took him upon my knee, his hand playing with my watch guard, while his beautiful blue eyes remained fixed in the same look of curious inquiry on mine. I said it was a picture of *still* life. Tom, aroused by the dog, slowly lifted his head over the

edge of the hammock, rubbed his eyes as if uncertain whether he were in a dream, as I calmly and silently returned his astonished gaze, and then, with a single swing, was at my side, both of my hands clasped in his. The next moment, I fancy the picture was other than *still* life.

Why should I tell you of the tea-table, loaded with delicacies in the matted hall, as the soft evening sun-set poured its last rays through it? of the symmetrical figure clad in snowy whiteness—the Grecian features, the dark Andalusian eyes, beaming with kindness from behind the glittering silver at its head? Why, that the youngster tied by the handkerchief in the high chair at his mother's side, pertinaciously kicked his tiny red shoes about him in frolic glee, while my little knight of the golden locks, did the duty of the trencher at his father's elbow? Why, that as the shades of evening faded into twilight, that the young gentry were snugly ensconced in their little bed, the mother's soft cheek pressed against the forehead of the eldest as he lisped his evening prayer? and why, as soon "like twin roses on one stalk," as they were wrapped in innocent slumber, we sat in the fading twilight, talking over old scenes and boyish recollections, retracing our steps back to those days which, softened by the lapse of time, appear divested of every thing save brightness and sunshine? why but to tell you that we were aroused from those retrospections, by the sound of the church-going bell, musically chiming in the distance.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

THE slow tolling—now almost dying away, and now striking more strongly upon the ear—arose from the church in the neighbouring town, where my friends were in the habit of worshipping, and where they were to have the opportunity on that evening of hearing the voice of their time-honoured pastor—an opportunity which his great age and increasing infirmities had made equally rare and valuable. I gladly accepted the invitation to join them, as, aside from a desire to see the aged man, of whom I had so often heard, if there is a time for devotion more consonant to my feelings than another, it is when the quietness and serenity of a summer's evening dispel all external impressions, and every thing appears in unison with harmony and benevolence.

As we walked the short half mile between the cottage and the church, the stars shone in beauty amid the still rosy tints of the west—the night-hawk stooped towards us, as he wheeled in his airy circles—the whip-poor-will in the adjoining meadows sounded his mournful note, and the crickets, with the chirping frogs in the neighbouring ponds, sustained a ceaseless chorus. Arrived at the church-yard, we picked our way

among the old brown tomb-stones, their quaint devices, contrasted here and there with others of more modern pretensions in white marble, and entering the church, took our seats in silence. We were early; but as the church gradually filled, it was interesting to watch group after group, as it noiselessly measured the aisles, and sunk quietly upon the cushioned seats. Now and then a pair of bright eyes would glance curiously around from beneath a gay bonnet, and a stray tress be thrown hastily aside; but alas! those clad in the habiliments of wo, too, too often moved, phantom-like, to their places; the lights, as they threw a momentary glare on their pale and care-worn faces, making more dark the badges which affection has assumed as a tame index of inward grief. The slow toll of the bell ceased—the silence became more deep;—an occasional cough—the rustling of a dress—the turn of a leaf alone breaking the perfect stillness.

The low tones of the organ rose gently and sweetly, and the voluntary floated softly and mist-like over the assembly; now rising, and falling, and undulating, with like dreamy harmony, as if the Æolian harp were answering, with the passing airs playing among its strings, the ocean gently laving her pebbly shores; then gradually rising and increasing in depth, it grandly and solemnly ascended upwards, till thrown back, reverbrated from the walls of the circular dome above us, it rolled away in deep and distant thunders. All became

again silent. The venerable form of a man of fourscore years, his hair bleached with the sorrows of eighty winters, rose slowly in the pulpit, and as, with eyes closed, yet lifted to Heaven, he feebly supported himself with outstretched arms upon its cushion, we heard almost in a whisper, "Let us pray, my brethren," fall tremulously from his lips. Nought, but the perfect stillness, enabled us at first to hear the sentences pronounced with evident and painful effort; but as he advanced in prayer, that almost whisper, became firm and distinct, and his pallid cheek lighted up with a hectic flush, as he waxed eloquent in the presence of his Maker.

His venerable features appeared to glow almost with inspiration, as he drew near the throne of the Holy One; and the hearts of the mourners beat more calmly, as they felt themselves carried into the presence of Him that suffered. More thoughtless than the swallow that skims the summer skies, must he have been, who could have heard that prayer, and not have joined with reverence in its solemnity. His closing words still ring upon my ear, and long will remain stamped upon my memory.

"My children—your fathers, and your fathers' fathers have listend to my voice. Generations have passed by me to their long account, and still I have been left, and still my voice hath arisen from this holy place. Wo! wo is me, if my Master hath looked

upon me as a slack and unworthy servant to his people. My children—but a few short days, and this trembling voice that still strives to teach his blessed will, shall be hushed in that sleep which the Archangel's trump alone shall break—this tottering form be laid beneath the mould from whence it came, there to remain till that trump shall demand its presence at the judgment seat. But with the last tones of this quivering voice, with the last grasp of these trembling hands, I extend to you the sacred volume, as your guide to happiness in this, your only light into the world to come.

"The sneers of human reason and vain philosophy shall desert you assuredly, my children, as you stand upon the edge of that awful precipice, where each of you *alone* must take the fated plunge into the deep darkness of the future—but this, this shall make clear your passage as brightest noon-day. My children—I look back upon you as I speak—my hand is on the door-latch—my foot upon the threshold—oh! when your short days like mine are numbered, may you with the same reliance in his mercy, say, Lo, blessed Master, we stand without—receive us into thy kingdom."

As the service ended, it was good to see the kind-hearted feeling, with which the congregation gathered around the venerable man—for he was pure, and sincere, and true; and of a verity, as he said, his voice had arisen among them above the infant's wail, at the

baptismal font—had joined them with cheerfulness at the marriage feast, and still been heard in solemn sympathy at the side of the dark and silent grave. It was the last time that he addressed them. Not many days, and another voice pronounced the burial service of the dead in that green church-yard, and the form of the good old man was covered from their sight beneath its sod.

As we returned to our cottage home, the crescent moon was streaming in silvery brightness, the constellations and galaxy resplendent with "living fires," and the far, far worlds rolling in immeasurable distance, as twinkling stars trembled upon our human vision. The dews of night were moist upon the grass, as we re-measured the lawn that led to the cottage; where, after planning our visit for the following morning to Mount Vernon, we soon were wrapped in contented and grateful repose.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE sun raised himself in a huge globe of fire above the eastern horizon, as my friend's spirited bays stood saddled at the door of the cottage, pawing, champing the bit, and playfully endeavouring to bite the black boy who held them. Finishing an early breakfast, we were soon in our saddles and full gallop on our journey; the dogs in an ecstacy of delight, bounding along at our sides, overhauling and putting in bodily terror every unfortunate cur that came in their way, as they sportively tumbled him over and over in curious examination; old Bernard, with glistening eyes and wagging tail, bestriding in grim fun the prostrate form of the enemy. We passed rapidly through the rough paved streets of Alexandria, watching eagerly for its famed beauties at their casements, and clearing the town, were soon on the rustic road that leads to the sacred place of America.

The meadows were glistening in the morning dew; the sweet perfume of the clover filled the air; the white daisy and delicate cowslip danced over their luxuriant grassy beds, as the fresh morning breeze fanned them in its passage; and amid the sea of melody high above the merry gossip of the bob-link, the

chattering volubility of the mocking-bird, his yellow spotted breast swelling with delight, his keen eye gazing into the distance, the saucy "*you-can't-see-me*" of the meadow lark sounded in merry challenge, while the clear "whew-whew-it" of the quail from the golden wheat-field, was echoed by his eager companion far down in the green vales, as they stretched softly and gently into the distance, in the long shadows of the early morning. Oh! let him that would scan the benevolence of the Creator, leave his restless bed in the sweltering city, and walk forth with the day in its youth,—for verily, like man, it hath its youth, its manhood and its old age—and the sweetness of morning is the youth of the day.

The hedges on the road side were covered with a tangled mass of verdure, from which wild vines and green ivy crept to the surrounding trees, wreathing gracefully their trunks and branches. The undergrowth was loaded with wild roses and honey-suckles. The graceful fleur-de-lis, curving its blue flowers, trembled upon the green banks, and the pond-lily floating on its watery bed, threw forth its grateful fragrance, as we occasionally passed through the swampy bottoms. Fat cattle grazed indolently in the meadows; while now and then, as we cantered by their pastures, the horses, with tails and manes erect, accompanied us on our journey, till arriving at their confines, with eager neighing, they would look after us, throw their heels

high in the air, and gallop down into the broad fields in the very jollity of freedom. Every thing seemed contented and joyous. The hearty, happy-looking negroes, trudging along to their agricultural labours, doffed their hats to us, with a cheerful "good morning," as we passed, or laughingly displayed their white teeth and big eyes, as they led the dew-wet horse to the bars to mount and drive to the milking the smooth, fat kine. A ride of an hour brought us to the woods that adjoin Mount Vernon, which are cleared of undergrowth, but in other respects as wild and untamed as if naught but the savage had ever placed foot in them. Silence reigned through the deep glades, unbroken, save by the hoofs of our horses as they resounded with hollow echo; the sharp chirp of the squirrel, jumping among the dry leaves; or the quick rap, rap, of the woodpecker, as his scarlet head and blue back glanced momentarily from some dead trunk upon our eyesight. We met with nothing to intercept our progress. Now and then, to be sure, a drove of hogs, feeding upon the mast in the forest, would marshal themselves in our path, stupidly staring at us with a sort of ludicrous, half-drunken gravity, snuffing the air, as if determined to intercept our progress; but as we came nearer, they would whirl short about, and with a simultaneous grunt, their tails twisted in the air, gallop off with desperate precipitation into the depths of the forest. Journeying a mile or two further, we came upon the porter's

lodges, at the entrance of the domain proper, which were old and ruinous. Proceeding still farther over a very bad and rough carriage-road, we came suddenly in view of the Potomac; and Mount Vernon, with its mansion-house and smooth, green lawn, lay extended before us; Fort Washington's battlements and cannon-filled embrasures in stern silence guarding it from the opposite side of the river.

Fastening our horses, under the guidance of a grey-headed old negro, born in the family of General Washington, we entered the lawn and came upon the rear-front, if the term may be allowed, of an old-fashioned mansion, surmounted by a cupola and weather-cock, semicircular piazzas extending around from each end, connecting it with the kitchen and servant's apartments. Various buildings, all bearing the impress of time, were scattered about, evidently in architectural order and plan, and the two large gardens, rendered interesting by the flowers and plants, still blooming in the beds where they had been placed by the hands of the General, extended back to the forest from which we had just emerged. As we stood for a moment looking at the old building, we almost expected to see the yellow travelling-carriage of his Excellency, with its four beautiful bays, and liveried out-riders, draw up at the great hall door in its centre. Having sent in our address, we received permission from the courteous branch of the family, who now hold the estate, to enter

and survey the interior. We were struck with its extreme simplicity, the lowness of the walls and ceilings, and the bare floors, which were waxed, not, as with us, carpeted. The sides of the rooms were composed exclusively of wooden panels, upon which hung some old oil paintings of merit,—engravings of naval actions between the English, the Dutch, and the French; and a small enamel miniature, which is considered the best likeness extant of Washington. Curiosities of various kinds covered the shelves and the mantels, and the painted porcelains and china jars, stood in stately display behind the glass doors of the old-fashioned beaufets in the corners.

Our attention was arrested for a moment, as we passed through one of the rooms, by a large rusty key of iron, enclosed in a glass case. It was the key of the Bastile, that infernal prison, that monument of centuries of grinding cruelty and oppression, where men vanished, and were seen no more of their day and generation,—where, by the intrigues of the courtier, the subtle blandishments of the minion of the palace, letters de cachet plunged equally the innocent, the imprudent, and the generous, into the jaws of living death, —that accursed congerie of dungeons where, from mid fellowship of rats and spiders, such scrap of soiled paper, written in the blood of the poor prisoner, fluttering from a loop-hole in its lofty towers, arrests the footstep of the casual passenger upon the causeway.

"Mases de Latude, *thirty-two* years prisoner in the Bastile, implores good Christians to intercede for him, so that he may once more embrace his poor old father and mother, if they yet live, and die in the open world."

Surely, nothing but the hallowed air of Mount Vernon could have prevented the Prince of Darkness from bodily carrying off so precious a gem for his cabinet. One side of the great drawing-room was ornamented with a sculptured mantel in Italian marble, presented by Lafayette, the other was covered with cases containing books of high-toned selection, while, from the third, its green silk curtain drawn aside, was suspended a portrait of the present family, by Chapman. The figures of the portrait, as large as life, presented a lady of middle age, clad in mourning, surrounded by a group of children advancing into youth. It was well executed, and in the dignified and saddened serenity, in the simple and natural grouping, and the pure and unaffected expression of the countenances, an American in any part of the world, would have at once recognised a family group of the more intellectual and refined of his own country. As we walked through the various rooms, from which the family had withdrawn, we were so overcome with the illusion, the work-basket with its scissors and thread—the half-opened book lying upon the table, the large Bible prominently, not ostentatiously, in its place, the portraits on the walls, the busts

on their pedestals,—all causing such a vivid impression of present life and being, that we almost expected to see the towering form of the General entering the doorway, or passing over the green lawn spread between us and that Potomac which we had so often viewed from the same windows. We were at first disappointed at not seeing in some conspicuous place, the sword, which had so often been extended by the hand whose pulses quickened not in the hour of extremest peril, as it marshalled the road of human liberty; but our disappointment turned to admiration, and our hearts beat still higher, as we were referred to, and read this clause in his last testament:

"To each of my four nephews, I bequeath one of the swords of which I may die possessed. These swords are accompanied with the injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

Passing through the great hall, ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes, we ascended the oaken stair-case, with its carved and antique balustrade; —we stood at the door—we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence, surpassed the grandeur of that final scene;—the cold which he had

taken from exposure, in overseeing some part of his grounds, and which resisted the earlier domestic remedies that were applied, advanced in the course of two short days into that frightful form of the disease of the throat, laryngitis.—It became necessary for him to take to his bed. His valued friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of his art, but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed, but it became evident from the deep gloom settling upon the countenances of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless;—advancing insidiously, the disease had fastened itself with deadly certainty. Looking with perfect calmness upon the sobbing group around him, he said—"Grieve not my friends; it is as I anticipated from the first;—the debt which we all owe, is now about to be paid—I am resigned to the event." Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring him two wills from his escritoire, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last estament, and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his secretary and relation, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed, and as, in the paroxysms which became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was extended on the bed by his side, assisted him to turn, he, with kindness, but

with difficulty, articulated, "I fear I give you great trouble, sir,—but—perhaps it is a duty that we all owe one to another—I trust that you may receive the same attention, when you shall require it."

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms became more imminent—his breath more laboured and suffocating, and his voice soon after failed him. Perceiving his end approaching, he straightened himself to his full length, he folded his own hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest—placing his finger upon the pulse of the left wrist, and thus calmly prepared, and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hopes of his friends had disappeared;—Mrs. Washington, stupified with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him; Dr. Craik, in deep gloom, stood with his face buried in his hands at the fire,—his faithful black servant, Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trickling down his face, on one side, took the last look of his dying master; while Mr. Lear, in speechless grief, with folded hands, bent over his pillow on the other.

Nought broke the stillness of his last moments, but the suppressed sobs of the affectionate servants collected on the stair-case; the tick of the large clock in the hall, as it measured off, with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence, and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept through the leafless snow-covered trees; the labouring and wearied spirit

drew nearer and nearer to its goal; the blood languidly coursed slower and more slowly through its channels —the noble heart stopped—struggled—stopt—fluttered—the right hand slowly slid from the wrist, upon which its finger had been placed—it fell at the side—and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained, extended upon the death couch.

We left that room, as those who leave a sick room: a suppressed whisper alone escaped us, as, with a sort of instinctive silence and awe, we drew the door slowly and firmly to its place behind us. We again descended the antique stair-case, and emerged upon the lawn, in front of the mansion. Passing through several coppices of trees, we approached the sepulchre, where rest the remains of his earthly semblance. In the open arch of a vault composed of brick, secured and firmly protected by gates of open iron work, were two large sarcophagi of white marble, in one of which, carved in high relief, with the arms of the republic, were deposited the remains of him, "who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." A marble slab, set into the brick wall of the exterior, bearing in black letters simply this inscription—

"The remains of
Gen'l George Washington."

There rested all that was mortal of the man, whose justice—whose virtue—whose patriotism—meet with

no parallel in human history. There, within the smoke of his own hearth-stone, mouldered the remains of that towering form, whose spirit, whether in the battle, or in the council-hall, in the fierce dissensions of public discord, or in the quiet relations of social life, shone with the same stern and spotless purity.

The Potomac glittered like silver, between the trees in the noonday sun at our feet; the soft mild breeze gently moved the leaves upon the tree tops—the chirp of the wren—the drowsy hum of the locust—the quick note of the thrush, as she hopped from twig to twig, were all that showed signs of life,—and those huge sarcophagi lay still—motionless—far, far from voiceless. Oh! my countrymen, never since he left us, hath it so behoved us to listen,—"While our Father's grave doth utter forth a voice."

We were exceedingly struck and affected by the truthfulness of the "Sweet Swan of Avon," as we saw above the sarcophagi, (free passage to which was open over the large iron gates,) the clayey nest of the martin, or common house-swallow, built in the corner of the ceiling, where, in perfect security and confidence she fed her chirping brood, directly over the head of the departed hero. Pure, indeed, was the air, "nimbly and sweetly" did it play upon our senses. Oh! bard of England, as standing upon that hallowed spot, the spirit of the unfortunate Banquo whispered again to our memories, his words to the murdered Duncan.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."
Banquo.——————"This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate."

We lingered long at the tomb, and with reluctance withdrew, as the advancing day warned us of our homeward returning ride.

The setting sun, streaming in radiance through the trees, measured in long shadows the persons of the two men dismounting at the cottage door, from whence they had departed so buoyant and joyous in its morning brightness. That setting sun, sinking beneath its gorgeous bed of crimson, gold and purple, left those men more chastened, true, more elevated, from their pilgrimage to the shrine of him whose name shall forever be the watchword of human Liberty.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

I REMAINED several weeks on my friend Tom's plantation, enjoying the course of life that he pursued, which was entirely consonant to my tastes. His plantation consisted of about three hundred acres, principally laid down in wheat, indian corn and tobacco, though some of it still remained in meadow and woodland ;—this, with a handsome productive property in the neighbouring towns of Alexandria and Washington, afforded him an abundant income to indulge his liberal, though not extravagant tastes. He usually arose at five in the morning, mounted his horse, and rode over the plantation, overseeing and giving instructions to the labourers; and returning, was met by his smiling wife and beautiful children at the breakfast table ; after which, he again applied himself to business until eleven, when he threw all care aside, and devoted himself to pleasure or study, for the remainder of the day. He thus avoided the two extremes to which country gentlemen are liable,—over work on the one hand, or ennui on the other. His library—the windows commanding a view of twenty miles down the Potomac—was crowded with a varied store of general literature ; among which, I observed shining conspicu-

ously, the emblazoned backs of Shakspeare, and the worthy old Knight of La Mancha. History, Travels, the Classics—English, French, Spanish, and Italian—and works on Natural History and general science, were marshalled on their respective shelves. There was also, a small, but very select Medical Library, for my friend had taken his degree in that profession, and although relieved from the necessity of practising for support, he was in the habit of attending gratuitously on the poor in the neighbouring country.—Marble busts of Shakspeare, Milton and Columbus, stood on pedestals in the corners of the room, and fine old portraits of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Dante, and Ben Jonson, besides an exquisite gem of Ruysdaels hanging over the fire-place, adorned the walls. On one side of the room, fronting the entrance, an effigy in complete polished armour of the fifteenth century, stood erect and grim, the mailed gauntlet grasping the upright spear; while, on a withered branch above it, was perched with extended wings, a superb American Eagle, in full preservation, his keen eye appearing to flash upon the intruders at the entrance. In the centre, on the soft thick carpet, which returned no sound of footsteps, was a circular table surmounted with an Argand lamp and writing apparatus; on one side of which, was one of the exquisitely comfortable lounging chairs, that admit of almost every position of ease, and on the other, a crimson fauteuil stuffed with down,

which Tom laughingly said, was for the peculiar benefit of his wife, when she saw fit to honour his sanctum sanctorum with her presence. He tasked his invention to the utmost to make my time agreeable;—horses, dogs, guns, books, every thing was at my disposal. Among other excursions, he proposed, a few days after my arrival, that we should take a run down the Potomac in his boat. Now this boat was none other than a beautiful clipper-built schooner-rigged yacht, of about twenty tons burden, with a very ample cabin in her centre, and from the gilt eagle on her stern, and the gaudy pennant streaming at her mast-head, to the taught stay running out to the end of her mimic jib-boom, the most complete thing of the kind that I ever laid eyes on. In so expressing myself when I first saw her, I received an approbatory and very gracious nod from "Old Kennedy," a regular old salt, with one arm, for whom Tom had built a cottage on his estate, and to whom she was beauty personified;—a beauty which he could the more readily appreciate, from the fact, that the far greater part of his time was devoted to her decoration. "Many a time," says Tom, "have I found him lying by himself on the banks, looking at her in admiration with half-open eyes; and I much doubt whether my Mary looks more beautiful to me, than does her namesake, as she floats yonder, to old Kennedy."

But to come to our story. We appointed the follow-

ing day for our excursion, and, having first ascertained that Walter Lee, an old friend, whose plantation was a couple of miles below would join us, we early the next morning got up our anchor, and under the influence of a smacking breeze, were soon cutting our way down the river, the white canvass stretching clean and taught out to the stays; our long pennant streaming proudly behind us, and our little jack shaking most saucily from its slender staff at the bowsprit, as we merrily curveted and jumped over the waves. Running down to a point on Lee's plantation, we got him on board, and were soon under way again, the water bubbling and gurgling into our scuppers, as we lay down to it in the stiff breeze. Occasionally she would sweep, gunwale under, when a flaw would strike her; but old Kennedy, wide awake, would bring her up with a long curving sweep, as gracefully as a young lady sliding out of the waltz in a crowded ball-room, till, stretching out again, she would course along, dancing over the mimic waves, with a coquetry equal to those same fair damsels, when they find an unfortunate wight secure in their chains. We were all in fine spirits; Tom's negro boy, seated at the heel of the foremast, showing his white teeth, in a delighted grin, as old Kennedy, with his grave face, played off nautical wit at his peculiar expense. We saw a number of ducks, but they were so shy that we could with difficulty get a shot at them; but we now and then succeeded in

picking half a dozen snipe out of a flock, as it rose from the shore, and flew across our bows. We continued running down the river in this way, for three or four hours, passing now and then a fisherman, or other craft, slowly beating up; but towards noon the breeze slackened,—we gradually lost our way—merely undulating, as the wind fanned by us in light airs, till finally it entirely subsided; our long pennant hanging supinely on the shrouds, and the water slopping pettishly against our bows, as we rested tranquilly upon its surface. The after part of the yacht was covered with an awning, which, although sufficiently high to prevent its obstructing the view of the helmsman, afforded us a cover from the rays of the sun, so that we lay contentedly, reclining upon the cushions, smoking our cigars, enjoying our refreshments, and reviving old recollections and associations, for it must be confessed that we three, in our student days, had "rung the chimes at midnight." I had not seen Lee for several years;—he was a descendant of the celebrated partizan officer, who commanded the dashing corps in the Revolution known as Lee's Legion, and inherited, in a marked degree, all the lofty courtesy and real chivalry that characterized that officer. He was exceedingly well read in the military history of the country, and indeed so thoroughly imbued with military spirit, that should the signal of war ring through the country, I know of no man whose hand would so soon be on the

sword hilt and foot in the stirrup. My introduction to his acquaintance was marked by an incident so peculiarly painful and exciting in its character, that I cannot refrain from relating it. Having been let loose from the care of my guardians at a very early age, I made the first use of my liberty in travelling in a good-for-nothing sort of way over Europe, determined to see for myself, the grandeur of Old England; to climb the Alps; to hear the romantic legends of Germany, in her own dark forests; t tudy the painters and sculptors of Italy, on her classic soil; to say nothing of visions of dark-eyed girls of Seville, of sylphs and fairies, floating through the ballets and operas of Paris, and midnight adventures in the gondolas of Venice. Arriving at London, I fell in with, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity to take apartments in the same house with my friend Tom and his fellow-student Lee, both Americans, and both completing a course of medical education by attending the lectures of the celebrated John Hunter.

It so happened, that on the very first evening that we came together, in conversation upon the peculiar features of their profession, I expressed a desire to visit a dissecting-room, never having been in one in my own country. Lee immediately invited me to accompany them to the lecture on that evening, which was to be delivered in the rotunda of the College, and where, by going at an early hour, my curiosity could

be satisfied, besides the opportunity that I should have of hearing that eminent surgeon. So pulling on our hats and taking our umbrellas in our hands, we plunged into the dense fog, and groped our way over the greasy pavements to the college. It was a large building, in a dark and retired court, with something in its very exterior sepulchral and gloomy. Entering the hall door, we ascended one pair of stairs, stopping for a moment as we passed the second story, to look into the large rotunda of the lecture room. The vacant chair of the professor was standing near the wall in the rear of a circular table of such peculiar construction, as to admit of elevation and depression in every part. This table was the one upon which the subjects were laid when under the hands of the demonstrator. Two skeletons, suspended by wires from the ceiling, hung directly over it; the room was as yet unoccupied and silent. Ascending another flight of stairs, we came to a third, secured at its entrance by a strong oaken door; —this appeared to put a stop to our further ascent, but upon a small bell being pulled, a sort of wicket in the upper part of the door was cautiously drawn aside, discovering the features of a stern, solemn-looking man, who, apparently satisfied of the right of the parties to enter, drew one or two heavy bolts, and dropping a chain admitted us. A small table was placed at the foot of the stairs, at which, by the light of a lamp, this gloomy porter was perusing a book of devotion. As-

cending the stairs, it was not until three several attempts, that I was enabled to surmount the effects of the effluvia sufficiently to enter the green baize door that opened into the dissecting-room. As it swung noiselessly to behind me, the first sensation produced by the sight, was that of faintness; but it almost immediately subsided. There appeared a sort of profanity in speaking aloud, and I found myself unconsciously asking questions of my friends in a low whisper.

On small narrow tables, in different parts of the large room, which, though lighted by a dome in the centre, required, in the deep darkness of a London fog, the additional aid of lamps, were extended some five and twenty human corpses in different stages of dissection. Groups of students were silently engaged with their scalpels in examining these wonderful temples of the still more wonderful human soul. Here a solitary individual, with his book open before him upon the corpse, followed the text upon the human subject, while there, two or three together were tracing with patient distinctness the course of the disease which had driven the spirit of life from its frail habitation. I observed one of the professors in his gold spectacles pointing out to a number of the students, gathered around one of the subjects, the evidences of an ossification of the great aorta, which had, after years of torture, necessarily terminated the life of the sufferer.—There was almost as much individuality in those

corpses as if they had been living, and it required the most determined effort on my part to divest myself of the idea that they were sentient, and aware of all that was passing around them. I recollect, particularly, one, which was lying nearest the door as I entered ;—it was the body of a man of about forty, with light hair, and fair complexion, who had been cut down in the midst of health. His face was as full, and his skin as white, as if he had been merely sleeping ; but the knife had passed around his throat, down his body, and then in sections cross-ways ; the internal muscles having been evidently exposed, and the skin temporarily replaced, during the casual absence of the dissector. There was something peculiarly horrid in the appearance of that corpse, as, aside from a ruffianly and dissolute expression of the features, the gash around his throat conveyed the impression that it was a murdered man lying before me. A good-looking, middle-aged female was extended just beyond, her long hair hanging down over the end of the table, but not as yet touched by the hand of the surgeon ; while, just beyond her, the body of an old man, from which the upper part of the skull had been sawn to take out the brain, appeared to be grinning at us with a horrid sort of mirth. In another part of the room, directly over which the blackening body of an infant was thrown across a beam, like a piece of an old carpet, was extended the body of a gigantic negro ; he lay

upon his back, his legs somewhat apart, one of his arms thrown up so as to rest upon the top of his head, his eyes wide open, his nostrils distended, and his teeth clenched in a hideous grin. There was such evidence of strength, such giant development of muscle, such appearance of chained energy and ferocity about him, that, upon my soul, it seemed to me every moment as if he was about to spring up with a frantic yell, and throw himself upon us; and wherever I went about the room, my eyes still involuntarily turned, expecting to see that fierce negro drawing up his legs ready to bound, like a malignant demon, over the intervening space. He had been brought home for murder upon the high seas, but the jail-fever had anticipated the hand of the executioner, and his body of course was given over to the surgeons. A far different object lay on the floor near him; it was the body of a young girl of about eleven or twelve years old. The poor little creature had evidently died of neglect, and her body drawn up by the action of the flexor muscles into the form of a bow, stiffened in death, rocked forward and backward when touched by the foot; the sunken blue eyes staring sorrowfully and reproachfully upon us from the emaciated features. Beyond her, in most savage contrast, was thrown the carcass of a Bengal tiger, which had died a day or two before in the royal menagerie, his talons extending an inch beyond his paws, and there was about his huge distended jaws

and sickly eyes, as perfect a portraiture of disease, and pain, and agony, as it has ever been my lot to witness in suffering humanity. There was no levity about the students, but, on the contrary, a sort of solemnity in their examinations; and when they spoke, it was in a low tone, as if they were apprehensive of disturbing the dead around them. I thought at the time that it would be well if some of those who sneer at the profession, could look in upon one of these even minor ordeals to which its followers are subjected in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-men.

As the hour for the lecture approached, the students one by one, closed their books, washed their hands, and descended to the lecture-room. We descended with the rest, and as we passed the grim porter, at the bottom of the stair-case, I observed in the corner behind him a number of stout bludgeons, besides several cutlasses and muskets. A popular commotion a short time previous, among some of the well-intentioned but ignorant of the lower classes, had induced the necessity of caution, and this preparation for resistance. Entering the lecture-room, we took our places on the third or fourth row of seats from the demonstrator's table, upon which a subject was lying, covered with a white sheet, and had time, as the room gradually filled, to look about us. Besides the students, Lee pointed out to me several able professional

gentlemen, advanced in life, who were attracted by the celebrity of the lecturer; among others, Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper. Shortly after we had taken our seats, a slender, melancholy looking young man, dressed in deep mourning, entered the circle in which we were seated, and took his place on the vacant bench at my side. He bowed reservedly to my companions as he passed them, but immediately on sitting down became absorbed in deep sadness. My friends returned his salute, but did not appear inclined to break into his abstraction. At the precise moment that the lecture was announced to be delivered, the tall form of the eminent surgeon was seen descending the alley of crowded seats to his chair. The lights in the various parts of the room were raised suddenly, throwing a glare on all around; and one of the skeletons, to which an accidental jar had been given, vibrated slowly forward and backward, while the other hung perfectly motionless from its cord. In his short and sententious manner, he opened the subject of the lecture, which was the cause, effect, and treatment of that scourge of *our* country—consumption. His remarks were singularly lucid and clear, even to me, a layman. After having gone rapidly through the pathology of the disease, consuming perhaps some twenty minutes of time, he said,—"We will now, gentlemen, proceed to demonstration upon the subject itself." I shall not readily forget the scene that followed. As

he slowly turned up the wristbands of his shirt sleeves, and bent over to select an instrument from the case at his side, he motioned to an assistant to withdraw the sheet that covered the corpse. Resuming his erect position, the long knife glittering in his hand, the sheet was slowly drawn off, exhibiting the emaciated features of an aged woman, her white hair parted smoothly in the middle of her forehead, passing around to the back of the head, beneath the plain white muslin cap. The silence which always arrests even the most frivolous in the presence of the dead, momentarily checked the busy hum of whispers around me, when I heard a gasp —a choking—a rattling in the throat, at my side ; and the next instant, the young man sitting next to me, rose to his feet, threw his arms wildly upwards, and shrieking in a tone of agony, that caused every man's heart in that assembly, momentarily to stop—"*My m-o-t-h-e-r!*"—plunged prostrate and stiff, head foremost upon those in front of him. All was instant consternation and confusion ;—there was one present who knew him, but to the majority of the students, he was as much a stranger as he was to my friends. He was from one of the adjoining parishes of London, and two weeks before, had lost his mother, to whom he was much attached, and by fatal mischance, that mother lay extended before him, upon the demonstrator's table. He was immediately raised, but entirely stiff and insensible, and carried into an adjoining room ;—sufficient

animation was at length restored to enable him to stand, but he stared vacantly about him, the great beads of sweat trickling down his forehead, without a particle of mind or memory. The lecture was of course closed, and the lifeless corse again entrusted to hands to replace it in its tomb. The young man, on the following day, was brought sufficiently to himself to have memory present the scene again to his mind, and fell almost immediately into a raging fever, accompanied with fierce and violent delirium; his fever gradually abated, and his delirium at intervals; but when I left London for the continent, three months after, he was rapidly sinking under the disease which carried off his mother—happily in a state of helpless and senseless idiocy; and in a very short time after, death relieved him from his misery. The whole scene was so thrilling and painful, that, connecting it in some measure with my introduction to Lee, his presence always recalled it to my memory.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

As we returned to our lodgings, our conversation naturally turned upon the agitating event that we had just witnessed, and the extreme caution necessary in the procuring of subjects for anatomical examination. Lee related an occurrence that had happened to Dr. ——, a gentleman of high standing in South Carolina.

Shortly after the American revolution, he visited Europe for the purpose of pursuing his medical studies, and was received into the family of the same distinguished gentleman, whom we had just heard lecture, then beginning to rise to eminence and notice; an advantage which was necessarily confined to a very few. In one of the dark and stormy nights of December, Mr. Hunter and his wife having been called to the bed-side of a dying relative in the country, as Dr. —— was quietly sitting at the parlour fire, absorbed in his studies, he was aroused by a hurried ring at the street door, and rising, went to answer it himself. Upon opening the door, a hackney coach, with its half-drowned horses, presented itself at the side of the walk, and two men, in slouched hats and heavy sailor coats dripping with water, standing upon the steps

inquired in a low tone if he wanted a subject. Being answered in the affirmative, they opened the carriage door, lifted out the body, which was enveloped in a sack, and having carried it up stairs to the dissecting-room, which was in the garret, received the two guineas which they had demanded, and withdrew. The affair was not unusual, and Dr. —— resuming his book, soon forgot the transaction. About eleven o'clock, while still absorbed in his studies, he heard a violent female shriek in the entry, and the next instant the servant maid, dashing open the door, fell senseless upon the carpet at his feet, the candlestick which she held, rolling some distance as it fell.

Perceiving that the cause of alarm, whatever it might be, was without, he caught up the candlestick, and, jumping over her prostrate form, rushed into the hall where an object met his view which might well have tried the nerves of the strongest man. Standing half-way down the staircase, was a fierce, grim-looking man, perfectly naked, his eyes glaring wildly and fearfully from beneath a coarse shock of dark hair, which, nearly concealing a narrow forehead, partially impeded a small stream of blood trickling down the side of the face, from a deep scratch in the temple. In one hand he grasped a sharp long belt-knife, such as is used by riggers and sailors, the other holding on by the bannister, as he somewhat bent over to meet the gaze of the Doctor rushing into the entry. The truth flashed

across the mind of Dr. —— in an instant, and with admirable presence of mind, he made one spring, catching the man by the wrist which held the knife, in a way that effectually prevented his using it. "In the name of God! where am I?" demanded the man in a horror-stricken voice, "am I to be murdered?" "Silence!—not a whisper," sternly answered Dr. ——, looking him steadily in the eyes—"Silence—and your life is safe."—Wrenching the knife from his hand, he pulled him by the arm passively along into the yard, and hurrying through the gate, first ran with him through one alley, then into another, and finally rapidly through a third, till coming to an outlet upon one of the narrow and unfrequented streets, he gave him a violent push,—retracing his steps again on the wings of the wind, pulling too, and doubly locking the gate behind him, leaving the object of his alarm perfectly bewildered and perplexed, and entirely ignorant of the place from whence he had been so summarily ejected. The precaution and presence of mind of Dr. ——, most probably saved the house of Mr. Hunter from being torn down and sacked by the mob, which would have been instantly collected around it, had the aggrieved party known where to have led them to wreak his vengeance.

After a few days, inquiry was carefully and cautiously made through the police, and it was ascertained that three men answering the description of the resur-

rectionists and their victim had been drinking deeply through the afternoon, in one of the low dens in the neighbourhood of Wapping; that one had sunk into a stupid state of intoxication, and had, in that situation, been stripped and placed in a sack by his companions, a knife having been previously placed in his hand that he might relieve himself from his confinement upon his return to sensibility; and that in addition to the poor wretch's clothes, they had realized the two guineas for his body.

It is certainly painful, that the requirements of suffering humanity should make the occasional violation of the grave indispensably necessary. Whether the spirit, released from its confinement, lies in the limbo of the fathers, the purgatory of the Catholics, awaiting the great day of doom; whether called from a life of virtue, all time and distance annihilated, it sweeps free and unconstrained in heavenly delight through the myriads and myriads of worlds, rolling in the vast sublimity of space; whether summoned from a course of evil, it shudders in regions of darkness and desolation, or writhes in agony amid flaming atmospheres; or whether its germ of life remains torpid, as in the wheat taken from the Egyptian pyramids, thousands of years existent, but apparently not sentient, must, of course, be to us but the wild theories of imagination, and so remain until that judgment, predicted by the holy Revelation, shall sweep away the darkness

with which, in inscrutable and awful wisdom, the Almighty has enveloped us.

But that the spirit can look with other than indifference, if not loathing, on the perishing exuviæ of its chrysalis existence, which, to its retrospective gaze, presents little other than a tasking house of base necessities, a chained prison of cruel disappointments, even to our human reason, clogged as it is with bars and contradictions, appears hardly to admit the opportunity of question, and of consequence to that spirit its disposition can but be a matter of indifference. Still, to the surviving friends, whose affection cannot separate mind from matter, those forms lying in the still and silent tomb, retain all their dear associations, and surely it most gravely becomes the members of that profession, which, next to the altar, stands foremost in benevolence, that the deepest prudence should be exercised in this gloomy rite required by the living from the dead.

OLD KENNEDY,

THE QUARTER-MASTER.

(Constitution and Guernere.)

No. I.

The sun became more and more powerful as it ascended towards the meridian, and was reflected with effulgent intensity from the mirror-surface of the river. As we bent over the side and looked far down into the deep vault reflected from above, and saw our gallant little yacht, with her white sails and dark hull, suspended with even minute tracery over it, we could almost imagine ourselves with the Ancient Mariner, "in a painted ship upon a painted ocean."—The white sand-banks quivered and palpitated in the sultry glare, and the atmosphere of the adjoining swamps hung over them in a light blue vapour; the deadly miasma, their usual covering, dissipated in the fervent heat; while the silence was unbroken, save by the occasional scream of the gull, as it wheeled about in pursuit of its prey, or the quick alarmed cry of the kingfisher, hastily leaving some dead branch upon the shore to wing its way farther from the object of its terror. The black

boy, in perfect negro elysium, lay stretched fast asleep, with his arm resting upon one of the dogs, in the blazing sun on the forecastle, while we ourselves, reclined upon the cushions, with our refreshments before us, indolently puffed our cigars under the awning, Old Kennedy, perched upon the taffrail, coxswain fashion, with the tiller between his legs. While thus enjoying ourselves, like true disciples of Epicurus, the guitar was taken from its case in the cabin, and accompanied by the rich tones of Walter Lee: "Here's a health to thee, Mary," in compliment to our kind hostess, swept over the still surface of the river, till, dissipated in the distance, and anon the "Wild Huntsman," and "Here's a health to all good lassies," shouted at the pitch of three deep bass voices, bounded over the banks, penetrating the deep forest, causing the wild game to spring from their coverts in consternation at such unusual disturbance of its noontide stillness. "We bade dull care be gone, and daft the time away." Old Kennedy, seated at the tiller, his grey hair smoothed down on one side, and almost falling into his eyes, his cheek distended with a huge quid of tobacco, which gave an habitual drag to a mouth whose expression indicated surly honesty and resolution, was a perfect portrait of many an old quartermaster, still in the service; while his scrupulously clean shirt, with its blue collar open at the neck, discovering a rugged throat, encircled by a ring of grey

hairs, and his white canvass trowsers, as tight at the hips as they were egregiously large at the ancles, indicated the rig in which he had turned up, for the last thirty years, to Sunday muster. The old seaman had seen a great deal of service, having entered the navy at the opening of the difficulties with the Barbary powers, and had been engaged in several of the signal naval actions which followed in the subsequent war with Great Britain. Previous to that time, he had been in the employ of Tom's father, who was an extensive shipping merchant at Alexandria, and now, in his old age, influenced by an attachment for the son, who had built a snug cottage for him on his estate, and, vested with the full control of the yacht, he had been induced to come down to spend the remainder of his days on the banks of the Potomac, enjoying the pension awarded by government for the loss of his arm.

I had previously had the hint given me, that a little adroit management would set him to spinning a yarn which would suit my fancy. So, watching a good opportunity, knowing that the old man had been with Hull in his fight with the Guerriere, I successfully gave a kick to the ball by remarking, "You felt rather uncomfortable, Kennedy, did you not, as you were bearing down on the Guerriere, taking broadside and broadside from her, without returning a shot. You had time to think of your sins, my good fellow, as conscience had you at the gangway?" "Well, sir," re-

plied he, deliberately rolling his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, squirting the juice through his front teeth with true nautical grace—"Well, sir, that ere was the first frigate action as ever I was engaged in, and I am free to confess, I overhauled the log of my conscience to see how it stood, so it mought be I was called to muster in the other world in a hurry; but I don't think any of his shipmates will say that Old Bill Kennedy did his duty any the worse that day, because he thought of his God, as he has many a time since at quarters. There's them as says the chaplain is paid for the religion of the ship, and it's none of the sailor's business; but I never seen no harm in an honest seaman's thinking for himself. Howdsomever, I don't know the man who can stand by his gun at such time, tackle cast loose, decks sanded, matches lighted, arm-chests thrown open, yards slung, marines in the gangways, powder-boys passing ammunition buckets, ship as still as death, officers in their iron-bound boarding caps, cutlashes hanging by lanyards at their wrists, standing like statues at divisions, enemy may-be bearing down on the weather-quarter—I say, I does'nt know the man at sich time, as won't take a fresh bite of his quid, and give a hitch to the waist-bands of his trowsers, as he takes a squint at the enemy through the port as he bears down. And as you say at that particular time, the Guerriere (as is French for soger) was wearing and manœuvering, and throw-

ing her old iron into us, broadside and broadside, like as I have seen them Italians in Naples throw sugar-plums at each other in Carnival time.—Afore she was through, tho', she found it was no sugar-plum work, so far as Old Ironsides was consarned. You obsarve, when we first made her out, we seen she was a large ship close hauled on the starboard tack; so we gave chase, and when within three miles of her, took in all our light sails, hauled courses up, beat to quarters and got ready for action. She wore and manœuvered for some time, endeavouring to rake, but not making it out, bore up under her jib, and topsails, and gallantly waited for us. Well, sir—as we walked down to her, there stands the old man, (Hull) his swabs on his shoulders, dressed as fine in his yellow nankin vest and breeches, as if he was going ashore on leave—there he stands, one leg inside the hammock nettings, taking snuff out of his vest pocket, watching her manœuvres, as she blazed away like a house a-fire, just as cool as if he was only receiving complimentary salutes. She burnt her brimstone, and was noisy—but never a gun fires we. Old Ironsides poked her nose steady right down for her, carrying a bank of foam under her bows like a feather-bed cast loose. Well, as we neared her, and she wears first a-star-board, and then a-larboard, giving us a regular broadside at every tack, her shot first falls short, but as we shortened the distance, some of them begins to come a-board—first

among the rigging, and cuts away some of the stuff aloft, for them Englishmen didn't larn to fire low till we larnt 'em. First they comes in aloft, but by-and-by, in comes one—lower—crash—through the bulwarks, making the splinters fly like carpenter's chips,—then another, taking a gouge out of the main-mast; and pretty soon agin—'*chit*'—I recollects the sound of that ere shot well—'chit'—another dashed past my ear, and glancing on a gun-carriage, trips up the heels of three as good men as ever walked the decks of that ere ship; and all this while, never a gun fires we; but continues steadily eating our way right down on to his quarter, the old man standing in the hammock nettings, watching her movements as if she was merely playing for his amusement. Well, as we came within carronade distance, them shot was coming on board rather faster than mere fun, and some of the young sailors begins to grumble, and by-and-by, the old men-of-wars-men growled too, and worked rusty—cause why—they sees the enemy's mischief, and nothing done by us to aggravate them in return. Says Bill Vinton, the vent-holder, to me, 'I say, Kennedy,' says he, 'what's the use—if this here's the way they fights frigates, dam'me! but I'd rather be at it with the Turks agin, on their own decks as we was at Tripoli. It's like a Dutch bargain—all on one side. I expects the next thing, they'll order pipe down, and man the side-ropes for that ere Englishman to come aboard and call

the muster-roll.' 'Avast a bit,' says I; 'never you fear the old man. No English press-gang comes on board this ship—old Blow-hard knows what he's about.'

"Well, by-and-by Mr. Morris, our first lieutenant, who all the while had been walking up and down the quarter-deck, his trumpet under his arm, and his eyes glistening like a school-boy's just let out to play; by-and-by *he* begins to look sour, 'ticularly when he sees his favourite coxswain of the first cutter carried by a shot through the opposite port. So he first looks hard at the Old Man, and then walks up to him, and says by way of a hint, in a low tone, 'The ship is ready for action, sir, and the men are getting impatient;'—the Old Man never turns, but keeps his eye steadily on the enemy, while he replies, 'Are—you—all ready, Mr. Morris?'—'All ready, sir,'—says the lieutenant—'Don't fire a gun till I give the orders, Mr. Morris,'—says the old man. Presently up comes a midshipman from the main-deck, touches his hat—'First division all ready, sir,—the second lieutenant reports the enemy's shot have hurt his men, and he can with difficulty restrain them from returning their fire;'—'Tell him to wait for orders, Mr. Morris,' says the old man again—never turning his head. Well—just, you see, as the young gentleman turned to go below, and another shot carries off Mr. Bush, lieutenant of marines—just as we begins to run into their smoke, and

even the old gun-boat men, as had been with Decatur and Somers, begins to stare, up jumps the old man in the air, slaps his hand on his thigh with a report like a pistol, and roars out in a voice that reached the gunners in the magazines—'Now, Mr. Morris, give it to them, —now give it to them—fore and aft—round and grape—give it to 'em, sir—give it to 'em,' and the words was scarce out of his mouth, before our whole broadside glanced at half pistol shot—the old ship trembling from her keel to her trucks, like an aspen, at the roar of her own batteries—instantly shooting ahead and doubling across his bows, we gave him the other with three cheers, and then at it we went—regular hammer and tongs. You would a thought you were in a thunder storm in the tropics, from the continual roar and flash of the batteries. In ten minutes, his mizen-mast went by the board. 'Hurrah!' shouts the old man; 'hurrah, boys, we've made a brig of her.—Fire low, never mind their top hamper! hurrah! we'll make a sloop of her before we've done.' "In ten minutes more over went her mainmast, carrying twenty men overboard as it went; and sure enough, sir, in thirty minutes, that ere Englishman was a sheer hulk, smooth as a canoe, not a spar standing but his bowsprit; and his decks so completely swept by our grape and cannister, that there was barely hands enough left to haul down the colours, as they had bravely nailed to the stump of their main-mast. 'I

say, Kennedy,' says the vent-holder to me, lying across the gun after she struck, looking out at the wrack through the port, and his nose was as black as a nigger's from the powder flashing under it—'I say, I wonder how that ere Englishman likes the smell of the old man's snuff.'"

OLD KENNEDY,

THE QUARTER-MASTER.

(Sailors Ashore.—Hornet and Peacock.)

No. II.

"WELL—well—sailors, is queer animals any how—and always ready for a fight or frolic—and, so far as I sees, it don't much matter which. Now, there was Captain ——, he was a Lieutenant then;—I was up in a draft of men, with him to the lakes in the war, and as there was no canals nor steamboats in them days, they marched us up sojer fashion. As we marched along the road, there was nothing but skylarking and frolic the whole time,—never a cow lying in the road but the lads must ride, nor a pig, but they must have a pull at his tail. I recollects, once't, as we was passing a farm yard, Jim Albro, as was alongside of me—what does Jim do, but jumps over the fence and catches a goose out of the pond, and was clearing with it under his arm, but the farmer, too quick for him, grabs his musket out of his door, and levelling at Jim, roars out to drop the goose. Jim catches the goose's neck tight in his hand, as it spraddles under his arm, and then

turning his head over his shoulder, cries out, '*You fire,* —I'll wring his neck off.' And so Jim would have got off with the goose, but one of the officers seeing what was going on, orders Jim to drop the goose, and have a care how he aggravates the honest farmers in that ere sort of a way; for, 'By the powers!' said he, 'Mister Jim Albro—this isn't the first time, and if I hear of the like agin from you,—but your back and the boatswain's mate shall scrape an acquaintance the first moment we come within the smell of a tarred ratlin.'

"It was wrong, to be sure, for Bill to take the man's goose, seeing as how it was none of his; but there was one affair that same day, as the lads turned up to, and though a steady man, I'm free to confess I had a hand in't. Why, what do you think sir, but as we what was bound for to fight the battles of our country—what do you think, but as we comes to one of them big gates they has on the roads, but the feller as keeps it, damme, sir, what does he do? but makes all fast, and swear that we sha'nt go through without paying! I'm free to confess, sir, that that ere gate went off its hinges a little quicker than the chain of our best bower ever run through the hawse hole. A cummudgeonly son of a land lubber,—as if, because we did'nt wear long-tail coats, and high-heel boots, we was to pay like horses and oxen! If the miserable scamp had'nt 've vanished like a streak into the woods, we'd have paid him out of his own tar bucket, and rolled him over in the

feathers of one of his wife's own beds. But, d'ye see, that was'nt the end of it. Them ere lawyers gets hold of it—and it was the first time any of them landshirks ever came athwart my hawse.

"When we gets to the next town, up comes a constable to the midshipman, supposing as how he was in command of the draft—up comes the constable, and says, says he, 'Capting, I arrests you for a salt and battery, in behalf of these here men, as has committed it,' meaning, you understand, the affair of the gate, Well, the midshipman, all ripe for frolic and fun himself, pulls a long face, and says gruffly, that his men had'nt been engaged in no salt, on no battery; but that they was ready at all times to fight for their country, and asks him whereaway that same English battery lay, as he would answer for the lads' salting it quick enough. Then the lawyer as was standing with his hands behind him, up and tells him that "it's for a trespass in the case.' 'Oh! a trespass in the gate—you mean,' says the midshipman; but just then the lieutenant comes up to see what's the muss, and bids me put on my jacket, for d'ye see, I had squared off to measure the constable for a pair of black eyes—hang me if the feller didnt't turn as white as a sheet. 'Put on your jacket, sir,' says he, 'and leave the man alone;' and then turning to the midshipman, 'Mr. ——, take the men down to the tavern and splice the mainbrace, while I walk up to the justice's with the gentle

man to settle this affair. And, hark'ee, ye rascals,' says he, 'don't disgrace the name of blue jacket in this quiet village, but behave yourselves till I return.' Well, he and the lawyer walks up to the justice's, and there they three takes a glass of wine together, and that's the last we hearn of that ere business.

"There agin, when we took the Peacock;—you all knows about that ere action; it was what I calls short and sweet. Fifteen minutes from the first gun, he was cut almost entirely to pieces, his main-mast gone by the board, six feet of water in the hold, and his flag flying in the fore-rigging, as a signal of distress. The sea was running so heavy, as to wash the muzzles of our guns, as we run down. We exchanged broadsides at half pistol shot, and then, as he wore to rake us, we received his other broadside, running him close in upon the starboard quarter, and a drunken sailor never hugged a post closer, nor we did that brig, till we had hammered day-light out of her. A queer thing is war, though, and I can't say as I was ever satisfied as to its desarts, though I 've often turned the thing over in my mind in mid-watch since. There was we, what was stowing our round shot into that ere brig, as if she had been short of kenteledge, and doing all we could to sweep, with our grape and cannister, every thing living, from her decks,—there was we, fifteen minutes after, working as hard as we could pull to, to keep her above water, while we saved her wounded,

and the prisoners, like as she had been an unfortunate wrack, foundering at sea. But all would'nt do—down she went, carrying thirteen of her own wounded, besides some of our own brave lads, as was exerting themselves to save them, and mighty near did Bill Kennedy come to being one of the number, and having a big D marked agin his name, on the purser's book, at that same time. The moment she showed signals of distress, all our boats was put in requisition to transport the prisoners and wounded to the Hornet. I was in the second cutter, with midshipman C——; he was a little fellow then, tho' he's a captain now. Well, we stowed her as full as she could stow, and I was holding on by the boat-hook in the bows, jist ready to push off, when midshipman C——, jumps aboard agin, and runs back to call a couple of the Englishmen, as was squared off at each other, at the foot of the main hatch ladder, settling some old grudge—(for d'ye see, sir, all di*scy*pline is over the moment a ship strikes) —he runs back to tell them to clear themselves—for the ship was sinking,—but before he could reach it, she rolls heavily, sways for an instant from side to side, gives a heavy lurch, and then, down she goes head foremost, carrying them fellers as was squared off agin each other, and her own wounded, besides four or five of our own brave lads, right down in the vortex. Our boat spun round and round like a top, for a moment, and then swept clear, but the midshipman barely saved

himself, by springing into an empty chest as was floating by, and there he was dancing about in the heavy sea, like a gull in the surf, and it was nigh on two hours afore we picked him up; but the little fellow was jist as cool and unconsarned, as if he was in a canoe on a fish-pond. The next day we opens a subscription, and furnishes all the British seamen with two shirts, and a blue jacket and trowsers each,—cause why—d'ye see, they'd lost all their traps in their ship when she went down."

OLD KENNEDY,

THE QUARTER-MASTER.

(Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.)

No. III.

"BUT," says I, "Kennedy—I think you said your draft was bound for the lakes—which did you go to, Ontario, or Erie?" "I was on both, sir," says he, "afore the war was over; and we got as much accustomed to poking our flying jib-boom into the trees on them shores, as if the sticks was first cousins—which, seeing as how the ships was built in the woods, would'nt be much of a wonder. Part of that ere draft staid down on Ontario, with the old commodore, as was watching Sir James, and part was sent up to Erie. I went up to Erie and joined the Lawrence, Commodore Oliver H. Perry—and I hopes that old Bill Kennedy need'nt be called a braggart, if he says he did his part in showing off as handsome a fight on that same fresh-water pond, as has ever been done by an equal force on blue water. Our gallant young commodore, made as tight a fight of it as it has ever been my luck to be engaged in; and seeing as how half of his men was

down with fever and ager, and not one in a dozen knew the difference between the smell of gun-powder and oil of turpentine, blow me! but I think it was about as well done.

"You see our squadron was lying in a bay, as they calls Put-in-Bay—and when the enemy first hove in sight, it was in the morning, about seven o'clock. I knows that that was the time, because I had just been made Quarter-Master, by Captain Perry, and was the first as seen them through my glass. They was in the nor'-west, bearing down: as soon as we made them out to be the enemy's fleet, up went the signal to get under way; our ship, the Lawrence, in course taking the lead. Well, as we was working slowly to windward to clear some small islands—one of 'em was Snake Island—I hearn Captain Perry come up to the master, and ask him in a low voice, whether he thought he should be able to work out to windward in time to get the weather-gage of the enemy; but the master said as how the wind was sou'-west, and light, and he did'nt think he could. 'Then,' said the commodore, aloud, 'wear ship, sir, and go to leeward, for I am determined to fight them to-day,'—but just then, the wind came round to the south'ard and east'erd, and we retained the weather-gage, and slowly bore down upon the enemy. They did all they could to get the wind, but not succeeding, hove into line, heading westward, and gallantly waited for us as we came down.

"There lay their squadron, all light sails taken in, just like a boxer, with his sleeves rolled up, and handkercher tied about his loins, ready to make a regular stand-up fight, and there wasn't a braver man, nor better sailor, in the British navy, nor that same Barclay, whose broad pennant floated in the van of that squadron.

"Pretty soon, up runs our motto-flag, the dying words of our hero Lawrence—'*Don't give up the ship*,' and floats proudly from our main, and then the general order was passed down the line by trumpet, '*Each ship, lay your enemy alongside*'—and if you ever seen a flock of wild geese flying south'erd in the fall of the year, you'll have some idee of us, as we went down into action. The men was full of spirit, and panting for a fight, and even them as was so sick, as to be hardly able to stand, insisted upon taking their places at the guns. I recollects one in particular—he was a carpenter's mate, a steady man, from Newport—he crawls up when we beat to quarters, and seats himself upon the head of one of the pumps, with the sounding-rod in his hand, looking as yellow as if he had just been dragged out of a North Carolina cypress swamp: but one of the officers comes up to him as he was sitting there, and says—'You are too sick to be here, my man, —there's no use of your being exposed for nothing—you had better go below.' 'If you please, sir," says the poor fellow, 'if I can do nothing else, I can save

the time of a better man, and sit here and sound the pump." Well, sir, as we bore down, the English occasionally tried our distance by a shot, and when we was within about a mile of 'em, one comes ricochetting across the water, bounds over the bulwarks, and takes that man's head as clean off his shoulders, as if it had been done with his own broad-axe. I have hearn say, that 'every bullet has its billet,' and that is sartin, that it's no use to dodge a shot, for if you are destined to fall by a shot, you will sartin fall by that same shot; and I bears in mind, that an English sailor, one of our prisoners, told me that in a ship of their'n a feller, as skulked in the cable-tier, during an action with the French, was found dead with a spent forty-two resting on his neck. The ball had come in at the starn-port—struck one of the beams for'ard, and tumbled right in upon him, breaking his neck, as he lay snugly coiled away in the cable-tier. No, no—misfortins and cannon shot is very much alike—there's no dodging—every man must stand up to his work, and take his chance—if they miss, he is ready when they pipes to grog—if they hit, the purser's book is squared, and no more charges is scored agin him.

"But as I was saying, it was'nt long before we begun to make our carronades tell, and then at it we went, hot and heavy, the Lawrence taking the lead, engaging the Detroit, and every vessel as she came up, obeying orders and laying her enemy alongside, in right good

arnest, except the Niagara. She hung back—damn her —with her jib brailed up, and her main-topsail to the mast—consequence was, the Charlotte, as was her opponent, avails herself of her distance—runs up close under the starn of the Detroit, and both ships pours in their combined fire into our ship the Lawrence. I hearn the master myself, and afterwards two or three of the other officers, go up to the Commodore during the action, and call his attention to the Niagara, and complain of her treacherous or cowardly conduct. Well, them two ships gin it to us hot and heavy, and in three minutes we was so enveloped in smoke, that we only aimed at the flashes of their guns, for we might as well have tried to trace a flock of ducks in the thickest fog on the coast of Labrador, as their spars or hulls. I was working at one of the for'ard guns, and as after she was loaded, the captain of the piece stood waiting with the trigger lanyard in his finger, ready to pull, one of the officers calls out, "I say, sir, why don't you fire.' 'I want to make her tell, sir,' says the gunner,—I am waiting for their flash,—there it is'— and as he pulled trigger, a cannon shot came through the port, and dashed him to pieces between us, covering me and the officer all over with his brains. Their fire was awful; the whole of the shot of the two heaviest ships in the squadron pouring into us nigh on two hours without stopping. Our brig became a complete slaughter-house—the guns dismounted—carriages

knocked to pieces—some of our ports knocked into one—hammock-netting shot clean away—iron stancheons twisted like wire—and a devilish deal more daylight than canvass in our bolt ropes—the wounded pouring down so fast into the cockpit, that the surgeons didn't pretend to do more than apply tourniquets to stop the bleeding; and many of the men came back to the guns in that condition; while others was killed in the hands of the surgeons. One shot came through the cockpit, jist over the surgeon's head, and killed midshipman Laub, who was coming up on deck, with a tourniquet at his shoulder, and another killed a seaman who had already lost both arms. Our guns was nearly all dismounted; and finally, there was but one that could be brought to bear; and so completely was the crew disabled, that the commodore had to work at it with his own hands. The men became almost furious with despair, as they found themselves made the target for the whole squadron; and the wounded complained bitterly of the conduct of the Niagara, as they lay dying on the decks, and in the cockpit. Two shots passed through the magazine—one knocked the lantern to pieces, and sent the lighted wick upon the floor; and if the gunner hadn't have jumped on it with his feet, before it caught the loose powder—my eyes! but that ere ship and every thing on board would have gone into the air like a sheaf of sky-rockets, and them as was on board, never would have know'd which side

whipped. Out of one hundred men that went into action, eighty-three were either killed or wounded, and every officer was killed or hurt except the Commodore. Our Lieutenant of marines, lieutenant Brooks—him as was called the Boston Apollo—the handsomest man in the sarvice, was cut nearly in two by a cannon shot, and died before the close of the action.

"It was nigh on all up with us. The men was real grit though, and even the wounded, cried, 'Blow her up,' rather than strike. Well, as things stood, there was an end of the Lawrence, so far as fighting went,—and our Commodore says, says he,—'Lieutenant Yarnall, the American flag must not be pulled down over my head this day, while life remains in my body: I will go on board that ship and bring her myself into action—and I will leave it to you to pull down the Lawrence's flag, if there is no help for it.' So we got our barge alongside, by the blessing of Heaven, not so much injured but what she'd float, and off we pushed for the Niagara—the Commodore standing with his motto flag under his arm; but as soon as the enemy caught sight of us, they delivered a whole broadside directly at the boat—and then peppered away so briskly, that the water all around us bubbled like a duck-pond in a thunder shower. There Perry stood, erect and proud, in the starn sheets—his pistols strapped in his belt, and his sword in his hand—his eyes bent upon the Niagara,—as if he'd jump the distance,—never

heeding the shot flying around him like hail. The men begged him to sit down—they entreated him with tears in their eyes—but it was not until I dragged him down by main force,—the men declaring that they would lay upon their oars and be taken—that he consented.

"There's them as says the Niagara *wouldn't* come down, and there's them as says she *couldn't*—all *I* knows is, that when our gallant young Commodore took the quarter-deck, she walked down into the thickest of it quick enough—my eyes! how we did give it to 'em, blazing away from both sides at once. We ran in between the Detroit and Charlotte, our guns crammed to the muzzle, and delivered both of our broadsides into them at the same time—grape, cannister and all,—raking the others as we passed; and the Niagara lads showed it wasn't no fault of their'n, that they hadn't come earlier to their work. I never know'd guns sarved smarter, than they sarved their'n, till the end of the action—nor with better effect. We soon silenced the enemy, and run up the stars again on the Lawrence as she lay a complete wrack, shattered and cut up among them, for all the world like a dead whale surrounded by shirks. They struck one after another, much like you may have seen the flags of a fleet run down after the evening gun; and as the firing ceased, and the heavy smoke bank rolled off to leeward, shiver my timbers! but it was a sight for a Yankee tar to see the striped bunting slapping triumphantly in the breeze over the British jacks at their gaffs.

"If there's any man, tho', as says that their Commodore wasn't a man every inch of him, aye! and as good a seaman, too, as ever walked a caulked plank, there's one here, and his name's Bill Kennedy, as will tell him, that he's a know-nothing, and talks of a better man nor himself. Aye—aye—scrape the crown off his buttons, and he might mess with Decatur and Lawrence, and splice the main-brace with Stewart and Hull, and they be proud of his company. He was badly cut up, tho', and I have hear'n tell, that when he got home to England, he would'nt go for to see the lady what he'd engaged to marry, but sent her word by a friend—I don't know who that friend was—but suppose it was his first lieutenant, in course, —he sends her word that he would'nt hold her to her engagement—cause why, says he, 'I'm all cut to pieces, and an't the man I was, when she engaged for to be my wife.' Well, what d'ye think the noble girl says, when she hearn this;—'Tell him,' says she, 'as long as there's enough of him left to hold his soul, I will be his.'—I say, Master Tom, that's most up to the Virginny gals. Well—well—there never was but one, as would have said as much for Bill Kennedy, and she, poor Sue—she married curly-headed Bob, captain of the main-top in the Hornet,—in a pet, and was sorry when it was too late. She was a good girl, though—and I've lent her and her young ones a hand once't or twice since in the breakers.

OLD KENNEDY,

THE QUARTER-MASTER.

(Chesapeake and Shannon—Boat Fight on Lake Ontario.)

No. IV.

"WELL, Mr. Kennedy," says Lee, 'you have told us of your victories,—have you always been victorious—have you always had the luck on your side,—where did you lose your arm?" The old man took a long and deliberate survey of the horizon ahead of us, apparently not well pleased with a dark cloud just beginning to lift itself above its edge; but whatever inferences he drew from it he kept to himself, and having relieved his mouth from the quid, and replenished the vacuum by a fresh bite of the pig-tail, he leisurely turned to us again, and replied with some emphasis—'Them as fights the English, fights men—and though it's been my luck to be taken twice by them, once't in the unlucky Chesapeake, and once't on the lakes, and though I owes the loss of my flipper to a musket marked G.R., I hopes I bears them no more grudge than becomes a true yankee sailor. Now, speaking of that, I've always obsarved, since the war, when our ships is in

the same port, that however much we always fights, when we falls in with each other, that the moment the English or Americans gets into a muss with the French, or the Dutch, or the Spaniards, that we makes common cause, and tumbles in and helps one another—but I'm blest! but that Chesapeake business was a bad affair. They took the ship;—let them have the credit of it, say I;—but no great credit neither; for half the men was foreigners in a state of mutiny, and none of the men know'd their officers. I hearn Captain Lawrence say himself, after he was carried below, that when he ordered the bugle-man to sound, to repel boarders, the cursed Portuguese was so frightened, or treacherous, that no sound came from the bugle, though his cheeks swelled as if in the act; and I hearn a British officer say to one of our'n, that Captain Lawrence owed his death to his wearing a white cravat into action, and that a sharp-shooter in their tops picked him off, knowing as how, that no common man would be so dressed. I don't complain of their getting the best of it, for that's the fortune of war; but they behaved badly after the colours was hauled down. They fired down the hatches, and"—lifting his hat, and exhibiting a seam that measured his head from the crown to the ear—"I received this here slash from the cutlash of a drunken sailor, for my share, as I came up the main-hatch, after she surrendered—My eyes! all the stars in heaven was dancing before me as I tumbled

back senseless on the gun-deck below; and when they brought the ship into Halifax, she smelt more like a slaughter-house nor a Christian man-of-war. Howsomever, they whipt us, and there's an end of the matter—only I wish't our gallant Lawrence might have died before the colours came down, and been spared the pain of seeing his ship in the hands of the enemy. It was what we old sailors expected, though. She was an unlucky ship, and that disgraceful affair between her and the Leopard, was enough to take the luck out of any ship. Now if it had been "Old Ironsides," * or the "Old Wagon," † I'm blessed! but the guns would have gone off themselves, had the whole crew mutinied and refused to come to quarters, when they heard the roar of the British cannon—aye, aye, Old Ironsides' bull-dogs have barked at John Bull often enough, aye, and always held him by the nose, too, when they growled—but the Chesapeake's colours was hauled down, while the Shannon's was flying.—That's enough—we had to knock under—let them have the credit of it, say I.—They'd little cause, except in that ere fight, to crow over the Yankee blue jackets. They whipt us, and there's an end of the matter, and be damned to 'em.—But that ain't answering your question, as how I lost my larboard flipper. It wasn't in that ere unfortunate ship, altho' if it would

* Frigate Constitution. † Frigate United States.

have saved the honour of the flag, Bill Kennedy would willingly have given his head and his arms too—but it was under Old Chauncey on Lake Ontario. It was in a boat expedition on that 'ere lake, that I first got a loose sleeve to my jacket, besides being made a pris'ner into the bargain. You see, Sir James was shut up in Kingston, and beyond the harbour there was a long bay or inlet setting up some three or four miles. Now, the Commodore thought it mought be, there was more of his ships in that same bay; so he orders Lieutenant ——, him as the English called the 'Dare-devil Yankee,'—the same as went in with a barge the year before and burned a heavy armed schooner on the stocks, with all their stores, and came away by the light of it —at—at—I misremember the place—he orders him to proceed up the bay to reconniter—to see whether there was any of the enemy's ships at anchor there—to get all the information he could of his movements, and to bring off a prisoner if he could catch one—that the Commodore mought overhaul him at his leisure. So the lieutenant takes a yawl as we had captured some days before, having Sir James's own flag painted upon her bows, with midshipman Hart, and eight of us men, and pulls leisurely along shore, till we made the entrance of the bay. It was a bright summer afternoon, and the water was as calm as the Captain's hand-basin—not a ripple to be seen. Well, the entrance was narrow, and somewhat obstructed by small islands;

but we soon got through them, never seeing two heavy English men-of-war barges, as was snugly stowed in the bushes; but about three miles up, we spies a raft of timber, with two men on it. We gave way, and before long got up abreast of it. When we got close aboard the raft, the lieutenant hailing one of the men, calls him to the side nearest the boat, and says—'My man, what are you lying here for, doing nothing—the wind and tide are both in your favour—don't you know we are waiting down at Kingston for this here timber for his Majesty's sarvice—what are you idling away your time for here?' The feller first looks at Sir James's flag painted upon the bows of the yawl; and then at the lieutenant, and then again at the flag—and then at the lieutenant—and then opens his eyes, and looks mighty scarey, without saying anything, with his mouth wide open,—'I say,' says the Lieutenant agin, 'I say, you feller with the ragged breeches, do you mean to swallow my boat—why don't you answer—what the devil are you doing here?' The feller scratches his head, and then stammers, 'I—I—*I* know *you*—you are him as burnt Mr. Peter's schooner last year.' 'Well,' says the Lieutenant, 'what are you going to do with this here timber.' 'I'm carrying it down for a raising,' says he. 'What!' says the Lieutenant, 'do you use ship's knees and transom beams for house raising in this part of the country? It won't do, my man. Bear a hand, my lads, and pile

all the boards and light stuff in the centre, and we'll make a bonfire in honour of his most sacred Majesty.' So we set fire to it, and took the spokesman on board the yawl,—towing the other man in their skiff astarn, intending to release them both when we had got all the information that we wanted out of them. We returned slowly down the bay again, the blazing raft making a great smoke; but as we neared the outlet, what does we see, but them two heavy barges pulling down to cut us off. We had to run some distance nearly parallel with them, an island intervening—so we every moment came nearer to them, and soon within speaking distance. The men gave way hearty—in fear of an English prison, but as we came nearer each other, some of the officers in the English boats recognises Lieutenant ——, cause why—they had been prisoners with us —and hails him—"G——," says they, 'you must submit, it's no use for you to resist, we are four to your one. Come, old feller, don't make any unnecessary trouble, but give up—you've got to knock under.' The Lieutenant said nothing,—but he was a particular man, and had his own notions upon the subject, for, bidding the men give way, he coolly draws sight upon the spokesman with his rifle, and most sartin, as he was a dead shot, there would have been a vacant commission in His Majesty's Navy, hadn't the raftsman, who was frightened out of his wits, caught hold of him by the tails of his coat and dragged him down into the bottom

of the boat. The Lieutenant drops his rifle, and catches the feller by his legs and shoulders and heaves him clear of the boat towards the skiff—while we men, dropping our oars, gave them a volley with our muskets, and then laid down to it again. We had taken them by surprise, but as we dashed along ahead, they returned our fire with interest, peppering some of our lads and killing Midshipman Hart outright, who merely uttered an exclamation as his oar flew up above his head, and he fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Well, we see'd the headmost barge all ready, lying on her oars and waiting for us, and as there was no running the gauntlet past her fire, we made for another opening from the bay as didn't appear to be obstructed, but as we nears it, and just begins to breathe free, three boats full of lobsters, of red-coats, shoots right across, and closes the entrance effectually on that side. We was in a regular rat-trap. We had been seen and watched from the moment we had got inside of the bay, burning the raft and all. 'Well, my lads,' says the Lieutenant, 'this will never do—we must go about—hug the shore close, and try to push by the barges.' So about we went, but as we neared the shore, there was a party of them 'ere riflemen in their leggins and hunting-shirts, all ready for us, waiting just as cool and unconsarned as if we was a parcel of Christmas turkies, put up for them to shoot at. 'Umph,' says the Lieutenant again, ''twon't do for them fellers to be crack-

ing their coach-whips at us neither—we've nothing to do for it, my boys, but to try our luck, such as it is, with the barges.' So as we pulled dead for the entrance of the bay, they lay on their oars, all ready for us, and as we came up, they poured such a deadly fire into that ere yawl as I never seed before or since. There was nineteen wounds among eight of us. The Lieutenant was the only one unhurt, though his hat was riddled through and through, and his clothes hung about him in tatters. How he was presarved, is a miracle, for he was standing all the while in the starn-sheets, the most exposed of any on board. They kept firing away, as if they intended to finish the business, and gin no quarter, the men doing what little they could to pull at the oars; but a boat of wounded and dying men couldn't make much headway. Our men was true Yankee lads, tho'—and no flinching.

"There was one man named Patterson, as pulled on the same thwart with me, and of all the men I've ever sailed with, he showed most of what I calls real grit. At their first volley, he gets a shot through his thigh, shattering the bone so that it hung twisted over on one side, but he pulls away at his oar as if nothing had happened. Presently another passes through his lungs, and comes out at his back—still he pulls away, and didn't give in;—at last, a third takes him through the throat, and passes out back of his neck;—then, and not till then, did he call out to the lieutenant—

'Mr. G—, I'm killed, sir;—I'm dead;—I can't do no more.' So the lieutenant says—'Throw your oar overboard, Patterson, and slide down into the bottom of the boat, and make yourself as comfortable as you can.' Well—what does Patterson do, as he lays in the bottom of the boat bleeding to death, what does he do but lifts his arm over the gunwale, and shaking his fist, cry, 'Come on, damn ye, one at a time, and I'm enough for ye as I am.' Aye, aye, Patterson was what I calls real grit. He was a good, quiet, steady man, too, on board ship; always clean and *actyve*, and cheerful in obeying orders. Howsomever, his time had come, and in course there was an end of his boat duty in this world.

"Well—they continued to fire into us as fast as they could load, cause why, they was aggravated that so small a force should have fired into them; but the lieutenant takes off his hat and makes a low bow, to let them know as how he had surrendered, and then directs me to hold up an oar's blade; but they takes no notice of neither, and still peppered away; but just as we concludes that they didn't intend to give no quarter, but meant to extarminate us outright, they slacks firing, and, taking a long circuit, as if we'd have been a torpedo, or some other dangerous combustible, pulled up aboard. There wasn't much for them to be afeard on though, for with the exception of the lieutenant, who was untouched, there was nothing in the boat

but dead and wounded men. They took us in tow, and carried us down to Kingston, and mighty savage was Sir James;—he said that it was unpardonable that so small a force should have attempted resistance, and he and the lieutenant getting high, and becoming aggravated by something as was said between them, Sir James claps him in a state-room under arrest, and keeps him there under a sentry, with a drawn baggonet, for nigh on two months. After that he sends the lieutenant to Quebec, and then to England, where he remained till the close of the war; but them of us men as didn't die of our wounds was kept down in Montreal, until ——" Here the old man broke off abruptly, and taking another long look at the horizon, said, "If I a'nt much mistaken, Master Tom, there's something a-brewing ahead there, as will make this here craft wake up, as if she was at the little end of a funnel, with a harricane pouring through the other—and if I knows the smell of a Potomac thundergust, we'll have it full blast here before we're many minutes older."

Old Kennedy quietly proceeded to make the necessary preparations to encounter the tempest. His peacoat was got out of the locker, and tightly buttoned about him, and his tarpaulin well secured by its lanyard to his button-hole. The mainsail and foresail were stowed and secured, and nothing but the jib, the bonnet of which was reefed down, was allowed to remain spread upon our dark and graceful schooner.

The cloud in the horizon began to extend itself, increasing and gradually rising and covering the sky, and the old man's prediction was evidently about to be fulfilled. A dead calm lay upon the river, and a preternatural stillness clothed in a sort of stupor the whole face of nature around us; while low muttering rolls of thunder from the dark cloud, and the frequent, sudden, crinkling lightning, glittering across its surface, warned us that we were about to encounter one of those violent and terrible thunder-storms which not unfrequently occur in this part of the country.

The distant muttering in the horizon rapidly became louder, and the perfect stillness of the forest was broken. The melancholy sighs of the coming blast increased to wails,—the boughs of the trees rubbed against each other with a slow, see-saw motion, and,

as the storm increased, grated with a harsh and continued groaning. The lightning became quick and incessant, and blindingly vivid, and the dark gloom of the forest was rendered still darker by its rapid glare. The river itself soon was lashed into foam behind us, and in a few moments more, accompanied by huge clouds of dust, the tempest came roaring upon us The cultivated fields and cheerful plantations which were but now smiling in quietness and repose, on the other side of the river, were now instantly shut out by the deep gloom. As the gust struck the schooner, she checked for a moment as if in surprise, and then shot forward with the speed of an arrow from the bow, swept on in the furious tempest as if she had been a gossamer or feather, enveloped in dust and darkness, the rain and hail hissing as it drove onwards, and the terrific thunder, now like whole broadsides of artillery, now quick and incessant peals of musquetry, roaring with frightful violence around her, while the deep black forest, lit up by the blue lightning, bellowed incessantly with the hollow echoes. As we swept forward with frantic swiftness, a quivering white flash struck the top of an immense oak, and ere the crashing, deafening roar of the thunder followed, it was torn and splintered, shivered and burning, hurled on by the blast.

As soon as the squall struck us, we ensconced ourselves below, in full confidence of our safety with Old Kennedy at the helm; and a fine subject would

the old seaman have been for a painter, as he sat amid the fury of the storm, stern and erect, the tiller under the stump of his left arm, and the jib-sheets with one turn around the cleet in his right hand—the usual surly expression of his countenance increased into grim defiance, as he steadily and unmovingly kept his eyes fixed into the gloom ahead. At one time we darted by a sloop at anchor, which had let go every thing by the run, her sails over her side in the water, on which, if the yacht had struck, she would have been crumpled up like a broken egg-shell; but thanks to our old Quartermaster's care, we dashed by in the gloom, his eyes never even for a moment turning on her as we passed.

The storm swept us on in its fury for some time, when it gradually abated in violence, and began to subside. The heavy clouds, flying higher and higher in detached masses in the heavens, by and bye lifted themselves in the western sky, and through the ragged intervals the setting sun poured his last rays over the dripping forest, bronzing the dark sides of our little schooner as he sunk and disappeared beneath the horizon. As the evening wore on, a star here and there discovered itself struggling amid the scud flying over it, and presently the moon shone out with her broad and silver light, and every vestige of the storm had disappeared.

As we glided gaily on, with a fresh, fine breeze, towards our cottage home past the deep forest, the silence was broken by a long, melancholy howl, which I supposed was that of a solitary wolf, but Lee said that it was more probably from some one of the large breed of dogs which are found on most of the plantations. Lee's mind was of a sad and pensive, although not at all of a gloomy cast; and like most men of that character, he required strong excitement to arouse him; but when aroused, of all delightful companions that I have ever met, he was the man. The excitement of the storm had been sufficient stimulus, and giving the reins to his wild spirits and excited feelings, he entertained us with an incessant stream of anecdote and adventure. The howl of the wolf had recalled to mind an incident in the life of his ancestor, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, and in connection, he related it with many other adventures of the celebrated Partisan Legion. I will not attempt to use his beautiful and spirit-stirring language, but will confine myself to a few disjointed anecdotes, of the many which he related of the dashing corps, as they happen to recur to my memory.

The Legion, intended to act independently or conjointly with the main army, as circumstances might require, was composed of three companies of infantry, and three troops of cavalry, amounting in all to three hundred and fifty men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee, who, every inch a soldier, had

won for himself in the Southern campaigns, and particularly in the masterly retreat of Green, before Cornwallis, the honourable distinction of being called "the eye of the Southern army." He was Green's confidential adviser and constant friend:—a stern disciplinarian, he was nevertheless beloved by his officers and men, and so careful was he of the interests of the latter, that while the rest of the army were suffering, the Legion by his exertions was always retained in the highest state of personal appearance and discipline. The horses were powerful and kept in high condition;—indeed Lee has been accused of being more careful for their safety than for that of his men. The cavalry in the British army mounted on inferior horses, could not stand a moment before them; and armed with their long heavy sabres, Lee's troopers were considered full match for double the force of the enemy.

The Legion infantry were well equipped, and thoroughly disciplined men, and acted in unison with the cavalry. They were commanded by Captain Michael Rudolph, a man of small stature, but of the most determined and daring courage, and of great physical strength. He always led in person the "forlorn hope," when the Legion's services were required in the storm of posts, and he was so completely the idol of his men, that it was only necessary that he should be detailed on duty of the most desperate character, that the infantry, to a man, were anxious to be engaged in it.

The leading captain of the cavalry, James Armstrong, was almost precisely his counterpart in person, in strength, in undaunted courage and heroic daring, beloved by his men, ahead of whom he was always found in the charge. O'Neal, also of the cavalry, was a bold and gallant man, who fought his way up from the ranks; for no carpet knight had consideration in the corps. In an early part of his career, he came near cutting off in the bud, Cornwallis' favourite cavalry officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton; for this officer, whatever his merits or demerits, endeavoured to enter a window at which O'Neal was posted, when the latter, dropping his carabine, snapped it within an inch of his head, but the piece missing fire, Tarleton very coolly looked up at him with a smile, and said, "You have missed it for this time, my lad," and wheeling his horse, joined the rest of his troop, who were on the retreat.

It were perhaps difficult to select the brave from a body of men who were all brave, but it is not invidious to say, that there was not a man of more fearless courage in the corps than Lieutenant Manning of the Legion infantry. At the battle of Eutaw, commanding his platoon to charge, he rushed on in his usual reckless manner, without stopping or looking behind him, until he was brought up by a large stone house, into which the Royal York Volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Cruger, were retiring. The British were on all sides.

and no American soldier within two hundred yards of him. Without a moment's hesitation, he threw himself upon a British officer, and seizing him by the collar, wrested his sword from his grasp, exclaiming, in a harsh voice, "You are my prisoner, sir." Interposing him between the enemy and himself, as a shield from the heavy fire pouring from the windows, he then very coolly and deliberately backed out of danger: the prisoner, who was not deemed by his brother officers a prodigy of valour, pompously enumerating his rank and titles, which Manning occasionally interrupted with, "You are right—you are right—you're just the man, sir,—you shall preserve *me* from danger, and rest assured I'll take good care of *you*."

Manning had retreated some distance from the house, when he saw his friend Captain Joyett, of the Virginia line, engaged in single combat with a British officer. The American was armed with his sword, while the Briton was defending himself with a bayonet. As the American approached, the Englishman made a thrust with the bayonet, which Joyett successfully parried with his sword, when both of them dropping the arms which they could not wield in so close an encounter, simultaneously clinched, and being men of great and nearly equal bodily strength, they were soon engaged in a desperate and deadly struggle. While thus engaged, an English grenadier seeing the danger of his officer, ran up and with his bayonet made a lounge, which

luckily missing Joyett's body, passed only through the skirts of his coat, but the bayonet becoming entangled in the folds, upon its withdrawal dragged both of the combatants together to the ground. The soldier having disengaged it, was about deliberately to transfix Joyett by a second thrust, when Manning, seeing the danger of his friend, without being sufficiently near in the crisis to assist him, called out as he hurried up in an authoritative tone, "You would not murder the gentleman, you brute!"—The grenadier supposing himself addressed by one of his own officers, suspended the contemplated blow and turned towards the speaker, but before he could recover from his surprise, Manning cut him across the eyes with his sword, while Joyett disengaging himself from his opponent, snatched up the musket, and with one blow laid him dead with the butt;—the valiant prisoner whom Manning had dragged along, and who invariably asserted that he had been captured by "Joyett, a huge Virginian,"—instead of Manning, who was a small man—standing a horror-struck spectator of the tragedy. An equally brave man was Sergeant Ord, of Manning's company;—in the surprise of the British at Georgetown, when a company of the Legion infantry had captured a house with its enclosures, the enemy made an attempt to regain it; the commanding officer calling out to his men, "Rush on, my brave fellows—they are only militia, and have no bayonets;"—Ord placing

himself in front of the gate as they attempted to enter, laid six of them in succession, dead at his feet, accompanying each thrust with—"Oh! no bayonets here—none to be sure!"—following up his strokes with such rapidity that the party were obliged to give up the attempt and retire.

But perhaps there could have been no two characters in the corps more the perfect antipodes of each other, than the two surgeons of the cavalry, Irvine and Skinner, for while Irvine was entirely regardless of his person, and frequently found engaged sword in hand, in the thickest of the fight, where his duty by no means called him, Skinner was as invariably found in the rear, cherishing his loved person from the threatened danger. Indeed he was a complete counterpart of old Falstaff;—the same fat and rotund person—the same lover of good cheer and good wine—and entertaining the same aversion to exposing his dear body to the danger of missiles or cuts;—not only was he a source of fun in himself, "but he was the cause of it in others." He asserted that his business was in the rear—to cure men, not to kill them; and when Irvine was wounded at the charge of Quinby's bridge, he refused to touch him, until he had dressed the hurts of the meanest of the soldiers, saying that Matthew Irvine was served perfectly right, and had no business to be engaged out of his vocation. At the night alarm at Ninety-six, Colonel Lee, hastening for-

ward to ascertain the cause, met the Doctor in full retreat, and stopping him, addressed him, with—"Where so fast, Doctor—not frightened I hope,"—"No, Colonel," replied Skinner—"not frightened—but I confess, most infernally alarmed." His eccentricities extended not alone to his acts, but to every thing about him. Among other peculiarities, he wore his beard long, and unshorn, and upon being asked by a brother officer why he did so, he replied, that "that was a secret between Heaven and himself, which no human impertinence should ever penetrate." Like Falstaff, and with similar success, he considered himself the admired of the fair sex,—"Ay!" said he, to Captain Carns, of the infantry, "Ay, Carns, I have an *eye!*" Yet Skinner was by no means a man to be trifled with, for he was not devoid of a certain sort of courage, as he had proved in half a dozen duels, in one of which he had killed his man. When asked how it was, that he was so careful of his person in action, when he had shown so plainly that he was not deficient in courage,—he replied, "That he considered it very arrogant in a surgeon, whose business it was to cure, to be aping the demeanour and duty of a commissioned officer, and that he was no more indisposed to die than other gentlemen, but that he had an utter aversion to the noise and tumult of battle,—that it stunned and stupified him." On one occasion, when the Legion was passing through a narrow defile, the centre was alarmed

by the drums of the infantry beating to arms in front,—Skinner, with the full sense of what was due to himself, whirled about, and giving his horse a short turn by the bridle, brought him down on his back in the middle of the defile, completely blocking it up, and preventing either egress or ingress—relief or retreat. The infantry and cavalry which had passed the gorge, immediately deployed on the hill in front, while the remainder of the Legion, galloping up, were completely severed by this singular and unexpected obstruction, until Captain Egglestone dismounting some of his strongest troopers, succeeded in dragging the horse out of the defile by main force. It turned out that the alarm was false, otherwise the doctor's terror might have caused the destruction of one-half of the corps.

But to recur to the incident brought to mind by the howling of the wolf. When the Legion was on its march to form a junction with Marion, on the little Pedee, it one night encamped in a large field on the southern side of a stream, with the main road in front. The night passed on very quietly, until about two or three in the morning, when the officer of the day reported that a strange noise had been heard by the picquet in front, on the great road, resembling the noise of men moving through the adjoining swamp. While he was yet speaking, the sentinel in that quarter fired his piece, which was immediately followed by the bugle calling in the horse patroles, the invariable custom

upon the approach of an enemy. The drums instantly beat to arms, and the troops arranged for defence. The sentries on being questioned, all concurred in the same account, "and one patrol of horse asserted that they had heard horsemen concealing with the greatest care their advance." Lee was in great perplexity, for he knew that he was not within striking distance of any large body of the enemy, and that Marion was at least two days distance in advance; but soon a sentinel in another direction fired, and the same report was brought in from him; and it was apparent, however unaccountable, that the enemy were present. A rapid change in the formation of the troops was made to meet the attack in this quarter, but it was hardly accomplished before the fire of a third sentinel in a different direction, communicated the intelligence of danger from another quarter. Feelings of intense anxiety were now aroused, and preparations were made for a general assault, as soon as light should allow it to be made. The picquets and sentinels held their stations, the horse patrols were called in, and the corps changed its position in silence, and with precision upon every new communication, with the combined object of keeping the fires between them and the enemy, and the horse in the rear of the infantry.

While thus engaged, another and rapid discharge by the sentinels, on the line of the great road, plainly indicated that the enemy were in force, and that with full understanding of their object, they had surrounded

them. It was also evident that there must be a large body of the enemy, from their covering so large a segment of the circle around them. It was equally apparent that they could expect no aid from any quarter, and relying upon themselves, the corps awaited in extreme anxiety, the scene which the day was to usher upon them.

Lee passed along the line of infantry and cavalry, in a low tone urging upon them the necessity of profound silence, reminding them that in the approaching contest they must sustain their high reputation, and expressing his confidence, that with their accustomed bravery, they would be able to cut their way through all opposing obstacles, and reach the Pedee. His address was answered by whispers of applause, and having formed the cavalry and infantry into two columns, he awaited anxiously the break of day, to give the signal for action. It soon appeared, and the columns advanced on the great road; infantry in front, baggage in the centre, and cavalry in the rear. As soon as the head of the column reached the road, the van officer proceeding a few hundred yards received the same account that had been given from the sentinel that had fired last.

The enigma remained unexplained, and no enemy being in view, there could be but little doubt that the attack was to be from ambushment, and the column moved slowly on, expecting every moment to receive their fire. But the van officer's attention having been

accidentally attracted, he examined, and found along the road, the tracks of a large pack of wolves. The mystery was now solved; it was evident that the supposed enemy was no other than the pack of wild beasts, which, turned from their route by the fire of the sentinels, had passed still from point to point in a wide circuit, bent upon the attainment of their object. A quantity of provisions had been stored some time previously on their line of march, but having become spoiled, it was abandoned in the vicinity of the night's encampment, and the wolves had been disturbed by the videts, in the nightly progress to their regale. The agitation instantly subsided, and wit and merriment flashed on all sides, "every one appearing anxious to shift the derision from himself upon his neighbour, the commandant himself coming in for his share; and as it was the interest of the many to fix the stigma on the few, the corps unanimously charged the officer of the day, the guards, the patrols and piquets, with gross stupidity, hard bordering upon cowardice:" nevertheless, they were none the less relieved by the happy termination of an adventure attended by so many circumstances naturally alarming, and it long passed as an excellent joke in the Legion, under the title of the "Wolf reconnoitre."

The music sounded merrily, and the column marched on, elate with the fun and novelty of the adventure, and of the buglers none blew a more cheery strain than

little Jack Ellis the bugler of Armstrong's troop. He was a fine boy, small and intelligent, as well as young and handsome, and a general favourite in the Legion. Poor little fellow! he met his death under circumstances peculiarly tragic and cruel, not long after. When the Southern army, under Green, was slowly making its masterly retreat before Cornwallis, the Legion formed part of the rear-guard, and was consequently almost continually in sight of the van of the enemy, commanded by Brigadier-General O'Hara. The duty devolving upon it, severe in the day, was extremely so in the night, for numerous patrols and piquets were constantly required to be on the alert, to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of the darkness to get near the main army by circuitous routes, so that one half of the troops of the rear guard were alternately put on duty day and night, and the men were not able to get more than six hours sleep out of the forty-eight. But the men were in fine spirits, notwithstanding the great fatigue to which they were subjected. They usually, at the break of day, hurried on, to gain as great a distance in advance as possible, that they might secure their breakfast, the only meal during the rapid and hazardous retreat. One drizzly and cold morning, the officers and dragoons, in pursuance of this custom, had hurried on to the front, and just got their corn cakes and meat on the coals, when a countryman, mounted on a small and meagre pony, came galloping up, and has-

tily asking for the commanding officer, he informed him that the British column, leaving the main line of march, were moving obliquely in a different direction, and that, discovering the manœuvre from a field where he was burning brush, he had run home, caught the first horse he could lay his hands upon, and hurried along with the information. Unwilling to believe the report of the countryman, although he could not well doubt it, and reluctant to disturb so materially the comfort of the men, as to deprive them of the breakfast for which they were waiting with keen appetites, Lee ordered Captain Armstrong to take one section of horse, accompanied by the countryman, to return on the route, and having reconnoitred, to make his report.

Circumstances, however, strengthening him in the belief that the information of the countryman was correct, he took a squadron of cavalry, and followed on to the support of Armstrong, whom he overtook at no great distance ahead. Perceiving no sign of the enemy, he again concluded that the countryman was mistaken. He therefore directed Armstrong to take the guide and three dragoons, and to advance still further on the road, while he returned with the squadron to finish their breakfast. The countryman mounted on his sorry nag, protested against being thus left to take care of himself, asserting that though the dragoons on their spirited and powerful horses were sure of safety, if pursued—he, on his jaded

hack, was equally sure of being taken. Lee acknowledged the danger of the friendly guide, dismounted the little bugler, and giving the countryman his horse, he placed Ellis upon the hack, sending him on in front to report to the commanding officer. After having returned a short distance, the squadron entered the woods, on the road side, and the dragoons leisurely proceeded to finish their breakfast—but they had hardly got it out of their haversacks, when a firing of musketry was heard, and almost immediately after the clatter of horses' hoofs coming on at full gallop. The next moment, Armstrong, with his dragoons and the countryman came in sight, pursued by a troop of Tarleton's dragoons, at the top of their speed.

Lee saw Armstrong with his small party well in front and hard in hand, and felt no anxiety about them, as he knew that their horses were so superior to those of the enemy that they were perfectly safe, but the danger of the bugler, who could be but little ahead, immediately caused him serious uneasiness. Wishing however, to let the British squadron get as far from support as possible, he continued in the woods for a few moments, intending to interpose in time to save the boy. Having let them get a sufficient distance, and assuring himself that there was nothing coming up to their support, he put the squadron in motion and appeared on the road, but only in time to see the enraged dragoons overtake and sabre the poor little suppliant, as

he in vain implored for quarter. Infuriated at the sight, he gave orders to charge, and the English officer had barely time to form, when Lee's squadron was upon them like a whirlwind—killing, prostrating, and unhorsing almost the whole of the force in an instant, while the captain, and the few left unhurt endeavoured to escape. Ordering Lieutenant Lewis to follow on in pursuit, with strict orders to give no quarter, an order dictated by the sanguinary act that they had just witnessed, he placed the dying boy in the arms of two of the dragoons, directing them to proceed onwards to the camp, and immediately after pushed on to the support of Lewis, whom he soon met returning with the English captain and several of his dragoons, prisoners —the officer unhurt, but the men severely cut in the face, neck, and shoulders. Reprimanding Lewis on the spot for disobedience of orders, he peremptorily charged the British officer with the atrocity that they had just witnessed, and ordered him to prepare for instant death. The officer urged that he had in vain endeavoured to save the boy, that his dragoons were intoxicated, and would not obey his orders, and he begged that he might not be sacrificed, stating that in the slaughter of Lt. Col. Buford's command, he had used his greatest exertions, and succeeded in saving the lives of many of the Americans. This, in some measure mollified Lee, but just then overtaking the speechless and dying boy, expiring in the arms of the soldiers,

his bright and handsome face, changed in the ghastly agony of death, he returned with unrelenting sternness to his first decision and informed the Englishman that he should execute him in the next vale through which they were to pass, and furnishing him with a pencil and paper, desired him to make such note as he wished to his friends, which he pledged him his word should be sent to the British General. The ill-fated soldier proceeded to write, when the British van approaching in sight, the prisoner was sent on to Col. Williams in front, who, ignorant of the murder, and of Lee's determination to make an example of him, in his turn, forwarded him on to head quarters—thus luckily saving his life. Eighteen of the British dragoons fell in the charge, and were buried by Cornwallis as he came up, but the American's had time to do no more than lay the body of the poor little bugler in the woods on the side of the road, trusting to the charity of the country people to inter it, when they were obliged to resume their retreat. It should be borne in mind that Lee's humane disposition could only be excited to such summary vengeance by the cruel and unwarrantable murder that they had just witnessed, and by the frequent acts of atrocity which had been repeatedly enacted by this same corps.

Perhaps the fated destiny which frequently appears to await the soldier, hanging over him like a shield while he passes through the most desperate danger,

until the appointed hour arrives, was never more apparent than in the case of Lt. Col. Webster, of the British army in this same retreat. When the rear of the American army, composed as has been observed principally by the Legion, had passed the Reedy Fork, the British van under the command of Webster, endeavoured to ford the river and bring them into action, a point which Cornwallis was anxious to attain, but which was entirely foreign to the plan of Greene, whose object was to wear out his pursuers. Under the cover of a dense fog, the British had attained a short distance of the Legion before they were discovered. They made their appearance on the opposite bank of the river, and after halting a few moments, descended the hill and approached the water, but receiving a heavy fire of musketry and rifles, they fell back and quickly reascending, were again rallied on the margin of the bank. Col. Webster rode up, calling upon the soldiers in a loud voice to follow, and rushing down the hill, at their head, amid a galling fire poured from the Legion troops, he plunged into the water. In the woods occupied by the riflemen, was an old log schoolhouse, a little to the right of the ford. The mud stuffed between the logs had mostly fallen out, and the apertures admitted the use of rifles with ease. In this house Lee had posted five and twenty select marksmen from the mountain militia, with orders to forego engaging in the general action, and directions to hold them-

selves in reserve for any particular object which might present. "The attention of this party being attracted by Webster, as he plunged into the water, they singled him out as their mark. The stream being deep, and the bottom rugged, he advanced slowly, the soldiers, some of them, holding on by his stirrup-leathers,—and one by one they discharged their rifles at him, each man sure of knocking him over, and, having re-loaded, eight or nine of them, emptied their guns at him a second time, yet strange to relate, neither horse nor rider received a single ball. The twenty-five marksmen were celebrated for their superior skill, and it was a common amusement for them to place an apple on the end of a ramrod and hold it out at arm's length, as a mark for their comrades to fire at, when many balls would pass through the apple, yet the British officer, mounted on a stout horse, slowly moving through a deep water course, was singled out and fired at thirty-two or three times successively, and yet remained untouched, and succeeded in effecting a lodgment on the bank, where he formed his troops under a heavy fire." This gallant officer, and polished gentleman, the favourite of Cornwallis, subsequently fell at the battle of Guilford Court-House, not more regretted by his brother soldiers, than admired by those of the American army.

There is nothing more true, than that in war as in love, much depends upon accident, and an alarm is frequently conveyed and a victory won, by circumstances

entirely the act of chance. As a case in point. In the retreat of the British after the battle of Monks' Corner, Lt. Col. Stuart ordered all the arms belonging to the dead and wounded to be collected, and when the retreating enemy had marched on, they were set fire to by the rear guard. As many of the muskets were loaded, an irregular discharge followed, resembling the desultory fire which usually precedes a battle. The retreating army immediately supposed, that Greene was up and had commenced an attack on their rear—and the dismay and confusion was so great, that the wagoners cut the traces of their horses and galloped off, leaving the wagons on the route. The followers of the army fled in like manner, and the terror was rapidly increasing, when the cessation of the firing quelled the alarm.

But the most exciting incident that our fellow voyager related, and one which would well merit the attention of the painter, was the spirited affair at Quinby's Bridge. When the British army in their turn were retreating, Sumpter, Marion and Lee frequently were able to act in concert. The 19th British Regiment, Lt. Col. Coates, having become isolated at Monks' Corner, Marion and Lee determined to fall upon it, and cut it off by surprise before it could obtain relief. The British officer having taken the precaution to secure the bridge across the Cooper river by a strong detachment, it became necessary for them

to make a long circuit, through the deep sands in the hottest part of the summer, before they could form a junction with Sumpter, whose aid was required in the intended attack. The junction was not effected until evening, and the attack was necessarily deferred until the following morning; but about midnight the whole sky becoming illuminated by a great conflagration, it was evident that the enemy had taken the alarm. They had set fire to the church to destroy the stores, and had decamped in silence. By the neglect of the militia, who had deserted a bridge at which they were stationed, the enemy had been able to draw off, and obtain a considerable distance in advance, before their retreat was discovered. Lee immediately followed on with the cavalry in pursuit of the main body, but was unable to come up with it, until he had arrived in the neighbourhood of Quinby's Bridge, about eighteen miles from Monks' Corner. Upon his first approach, he discovered the baggage of the regiment under a rear guard of about one hundred men, advancing along a narrow road, the margin of which was bordered by a deep swamp on both sides. As soon as the cavalry came in view, the British officer formed his men across the road, which they had hardly effected, when the charge was sounded, and the Legion cavalry rushed upon them with drawn swords at full gallop. The voice of the British officer was distinctly heard: "Front rank,—bayonets—second rank,—fire!"

—and as no discharge immediately followed, the cavalry officers felt extreme solicitude, lest its reservation was meant to make it the more fatal on their near approach, for on the narrow road, and in the close column in which they were rushing on, a well-directed fire would have emptied half of their saddles—but happily the soldiers, alarmed by the formidable appearance of the cavalry, threw down their arms and supplicated for quarter, which the cavalry were most happy to grant them. The prisoners being secured, the main body of the cavalry pushed on under Armstrong for the bridge, which was still about three miles in front, in the hope of cutting off the enemy before they should succeed in reaching it. As Armstrong came in sight, he found that Coates had passed the bridge, and that he was indolently reposing on the opposite side of the river, awaiting his rear guard and baggage. He had, by way of precaution, taken up the planks from the bridge, letting them lie loosely on the sleepers, intending as soon as the rear should have crossed, to destroy it. Seeing the enemy with the bridge thus interposed, which he knew was contrary to the commandant's anticipations, Armstrong drew up, and sent back word to Lee, who was still with the prisoners, requesting orders, never communicating the fact that the bridge was interposed. Lee's adjutant soon came galloping back with the laconic answer:—"The order of the day, sir, is to fall upon the enemy, without regard to consequences."

The gallant Armstrong for a moment leaned forward in his saddle, towards the adjutant, as if thunder-struck, with this reflection on his courage,—in the next his sword glanced like a streak of light around his head, his noble horse leapt with a snort clear of the ground, as the spur-rowels were buried to the gaffs in his sides, and in another shouting in a voice of thunder—"Legion cavalry, charge!" at the head of his section, he cleared the bridge, the horses throwing off the loose planks in every direction, the next instant driving the soldiers headlong from the howitzer which they had mounted at the other end to defend it, he was cutting and slashing in the very centre of the British regiment, which, taken completely by surprise, threw down their arms, retreating in every direction. The horses of Armstrong's section had thrown off the planks as they cleared the bridge, leaving a yawning chasm, beneath which the deep black stream was rushing turbidly onwards; but Lt. Carrington, at the head of his section, took the leap and closed with Armstrong, engaged in a desperate personal encounter with Lt. Col. Coates, who had had barely time to throw himself with a few of his officers behind some baggage-wagons, where they were parrying the sabre cuts made by the dragoons at their heads. Most of the soldiers, alarmed at the sudden attack, had abandoned their officers, and were running across the fields, to shelter themselves in a neighbouring farm-house. Lee, by this time, had

himself got up to the bridge, where O'Neal, with the third section had halted, the chasm having been so much enlarged by Carrington's horses throwing off additional planks, that his horses would not take the leap, and seeing the howitzer abandoned, and the whole regiment dispersed, except the few officers who were defending themselves with their swords, while they called upon the flying soldiers for assistance, he proceeded to recover and replace the planks. The river was deep in mud, and still deeper in water, so that the dragoons could neither get a footing to re-place the planks, nor a firm spot from which they might swim their horses to the aid of their comrades. Seeing this posture of affairs, some of the bravest of the British soldiers began to hurry back to the assistance of their officers, and Armstrong and Carrington, being unable to sustain with only one troop of dragoons, so unequal a combat, they abandoned the contest, forcing their way down the great road, into the woods on the margin of the stream, in the effort to rejoin the corps. Relieved from the immediate danger, Coates hastened back to the bridge, and opened a fire from the deserted howitzer upon Lee and the soldiers, who were fruitlessly striving to repair the bridge, and being armed only with their sabres, which the chasm made perfectly useless, as they could not reach the enemy across it, they were also forced to give up the attempt, and retire without the range of the fire from the gun-

Marion shortly after coming up, in conjunction with Lee marched some distance down the banks, where they were enabled to ford the stream, and effect a passage. In the edge of the evening, they reached the farm-house, but found that Coates had fortified himself within it, with his howitzer, and was thus impregnable to cavalry. "While halting in front, Armstrong and Carrington came up with their shattered sections. Neither of the officers were hurt, but many of the bravest dragoons were killed, and still more wounded. Some of their finest fellows—men, who had passed through the whole war esteemed and admired, had fallen in this honourable but unsuccessful attempt." Being without artillery, and within striking distance of Charleston, they were obliged, fatigued as they were, to commence their retreat. Placing the wounded in the easiest posture for conveyance, and laying the dead on the pommels of their saddles, the Legion countermarched fifteen miles; at its close, burying in sadness and grief in one common sepulchre the bodies of those that had fallen.

These anecdotes of the Legion are but a few of the many stirring and spirited narrations with which Lee whiled away the time, as we glided along on our return up the river. His own observations and adventures in travelling over the world were not wanting for our amusement, for, with a mind well prepared for its enjoyment, he had passed the years that had inter-

vened, since I last saw him, in travelling leisurely over Europe and the East. With the true philosophy of life, calling all men brothers, and restrained by no narrow prejudices of country or habit, he had entered eagerly into the manners and participated in the amusements of those around him. First after the hounds in England, he shouted "tally ho!" with all the enthusiasm of the veriest sportsman in the hunt; while his voice was heard equally loud and jovial in the wild and half frantic chorus of the drinking and smoking students of Germany. He scrupled not to wear his beard long, and partake of the hard black loaf in the cabin of the Russian boor, while, with equal equanimity he wore his turban, and smoked his chiboque cross-legged in the caffarets of Turkey. He climbed the huge pyramids, and their dark and silent chambers echoed the sounds of his voice, as he called on Cheops, Isis and Orus; and, kneeling in the gorgeous mosque of Omar, he worshipped the true God, while the muzzeim from its minarets was proclaiming, that Mahomet was his prophet. He had luxuriated amid the never-dying works of the great masters at Florence, and, lulled by the harmonious chaunt of the gondolier, had swept over the moonlit lagoons of Venice. He had whirled in all the gaiety of living Paris, and measured with careful steps the silent streets of dead Herculaneum and Pompeii. He had stood amid the awful stillness on the glittering ice-covered summits of

Mont Blanc, and looked fearlessly down into the great roaring caverns of fire boiling in the crater of Vesuvius—but now there was a sadness about his heart which rarely lighted up, and, as I have observed, it was only under momentary excitement that he blazed into brilliant entertainment.

As the fresh breeze wafted us swiftly onwards, Venus, mid the stars trembling in unnumbered myriads, rivalled with her silvery rays the great round-orbed moon, sailing joyously in her career high in the heavens above us,—and soon the bright beacon on the plantation shore, lighted for our guidance, shone steadily over the dark water, and ere long we were all quietly seated at the supper-table, with our beautiful hostess at its head,—again in Tom's cottage on the banks of the Potomac.

NOTE.—The incidents related in the above article are derived from "Lee's Southern Campaigns" and "Col. Gardner's Military Anecdotes," where, if he has not already perused them, the reader will find much to interest and amuse him.

HUDSON RIVER.

HERE we are met again, all booted and spurred, and ready for another journey. Come, let us make the most of our time on this mundane sphere, for verily we are but two of the automata of the great moving panorama which is so rapidly hastening o'er its surface—two of the unnumbered millions who, lifted from our cradles, are hurrying with like equal haste towards the great dark curtain of the future, where, drawing its gloomy folds aside, we shall pass behind and disappear for ever. Therefore let us hasten; for though some of us complacently imagine that we are bound on our own special road and chosen journey, yet, surely we are but travelling the path which has been marked out for us by an all-seeing Providence; and though, like soldiers, we may be marching, as we suppose, to good billets and snug quarters, yet perhaps, before the day's route be closed, we shall be plunged into the centre of the battle-field, with sad curtailment of our history. Tempus fugit! Therefore let us hasten, for, in a few short years, some modern Hamlet o'er our tomb-stones thus shall moralize: "Here be two fellows tucked up right cosily in their last

quarters, 'at their heads a grass-green turf, and at their heels a stone.' Humph! for all their stillness, I warrant me, they've strutted their mimic stage, and flaunted with the best; they've had their ups and downs, their whims and fancies, their schemes and projects, their loves and hates,—have been elated with vast imaginings, and depressed to the very ocean's depths; and now their little day and generation passed, they're settled to their rest. The school-boy astride on one's memento, with muddy heels kicks out his epitaph, while the other's name is barely visible among the thistle's aspiring tops,—yet both alike have rendered, with the whole human family, the same brief epitome of history. 'They laughed—they groaned—they wept—and here they are,' for such are but the features of bright, confiding youth, stern manhood's trials, and imbecile old age." And this same sage Hamlet's right; therefore, without more ado, let us get us on our travels.

So, here we are in the Jerseys. Now *westward* shall lie our course. Here come the cars. Quick—jump in—here is a good seat, close by the old gentleman in the India-rubber cape. Ding, ding—ding, ding. There goes the bell. Shwist, shwist. We are off. Clank—jirk—click—click—clickety—click—click. Here we go. We fly over the bridges, and through the tunnels; the rail fences spin by us in ribands; the mile-stones play leap-frog; the abutments dash by us. Screech! the cattle jump

like mad out of our way. Already at Jersey City? We paddle across. Ay, here we are, just in time, on board the "Swallow." What a pandemonium of racket, and noise, and confusion! Steam yelling, bells ringing, boys and negroes bawling, porters and hackmen hurrying.—"Get out of my way, you dirty little baboon, with your papers."—"Thank you, madam, no oranges."—"All aboard."—Tinkle, tinkle.—The walking-beam rises, the heavy wheels splash.—We shoot out into the stream.—We make a graceful curve, and, simultaneously with five other steamers, stretch like race-horses up the majestic Hudson.

How beautifully the Narrows and the Ocean open to our view, and the noble bay, studded with its islands, and fortresses, and men-of-war, "tall, high admirals," with frowning batteries and chequered sides. In what graceful amity float the nations' emblems—the Tricolour, the Red Cross, the Black Eagle, the Stars and Stripes. But we take the lead. Fire up—fire up, engineer,—her namesake cuts the air not more swiftly than our fleet boat her element. Still as a mirror lies the tranquil water. The dark pallisades above us, with fringed and picturesque outline, are reflected on its polished surface; and the lordly sloops, see how lazily they roll and pitch on the long undulating swell made by our progress, their scarlet pennons quivering on its surface as it regains its smoothness.

How rich and verdant extend thy shores, delightful

river! Oh! kindly spirit—Crayon, Diedrick, Irving, whate'er we call thee,—with what delightful Indian summer of rustic story, of dreamy legend, hast thou invested them? Lo! as we slide along, what moving panorama presents itself? Phlegmatic Mynheers, in sleepy Elysium, evolve huge smoke-wreaths of the fragrant weed as they watch thy placid stream. Blooming Katrinas, budding like roses out of their boddices, coquette with adoring Ichabods,—sturdy, broad-breeched beaux, sound "boot and saddle." Roaring Broms dash along on old Gun-powders. Headless horsemen thunder onwards through Haunted hollows —heads on saddle-bow. Dancing, laughing negroes —irate, rubicund trumpeters—huge Dutch merry-makings—groaning feasts, and loafing, hen-pecked Rips, pass in review before us. And now, as we open the Tappan Zee, see! see Old Hendrick,—see the old fellow in his scarlet cloak, his gallant hanger, cocked-hat, and many-buttoned breeches—see how the huge clouds of smoke, encircling his nose, float upwards, as, seated on his lofty poop, he sluggishly lays his course. See the old Dutchman—no—stop! stop!—'tis but a creature of thy fantasy, floating in the setting sunlight. Oh! historian of Columbus, with thy fellow-spirit, him of the "North Star," and the "Evening Wind," gently, yet sorrowfully you float above the miasma clouds of gain, that in their poisonous wreaths envelope your countrymen. In the evening twilight

thy beacon, Stony Point, throws far its streaming rays o'er the darkening scenery, different, I ween, when mid midnight mist and stillness, mid cannon-blaze and roar, "Mad Anthony's" attacking columns simultaneously struck the flag-staff in thy centre. The sparks stream rocket-like from our chimneys, as we enter your dark embrace, ye Highlands! Hark! the roll of the drum, as we round the bend—thy beautiful plateau, West Point, with its gallant spirits, is above us. Success to thee, school of the brave! Engineers for her hours of peace, soldiers in war to lead her armies, dost thou furnish to thy country—brave, enduring men. When fell thy sons other than in the battle's front? when in the fiercest danger were they found recreant? Aye, well may Echo answer "When?"

The thunder of thy bowling balls, Old Hudson, we hear as we pass the gorges of the Catskill. Hyde Park, thou glancest by us—the villas of the Rensselaers and Livingstons flit 'mid their green trees,—thy cottages, oh Kinderhook—the Overslaugh—rush by us, and now we are at Albany. Albany, Rochester, Utica, by smoaking steam-car, we are delivered from you. Auburn, we breathe among thy shady walks—and now, for a moment, Buffalo, we rest with thee. All hail to thee, thou city of the Bison Bull! Great caravansera and resting-place of coming nations! Byzantium of the future—hail! As on a quay shall meet hereafter, through the Lawrence and the Oregon, the

hardy seamen of the Atlantic and Pacific, the Otaheitean and the fair-haired Swede; while the bronzed trapper, the savage Blackfoot, the greasy Esquimaux, and half-civilized voyageur, shall mingle with astonishment and admiration on thy busy marts. Hail! hail! to thee, thou city of the desert lord, all hail!

NIGHT ATTACK ON FORT ERIE.

(August 14th, 1814.)

Hostler ! bring up the horses, we will cross to the Canadian shore, and ride leisurely o'er its battle-grounds. Tighten the girths, John. Take up another hole. So—never mind the stirrup. Jump—I'm in my saddle. Are you ready ?—*Allons*. Well broken is that grey of yours, he has a good long trot—how easy it makes your rise in the saddle, and how graceful is the gait. But here we are at the Ferry. Now, we cross thy stream, Niagara ! Now, we stand on British ground ! Generous and gallant blood has deeply stained its soil ! Observe these crumbling works—the old stone fort facing the river—the remains of ramparts and trenches—here a bastion —further on, a redoubt—there again lines and earth-works, forming a continuous circle of defence, but all now fast sinking to their original level. These are, or rather were, the fortress and defences of "Fort Erie." When some years since I rode over the ground with our kind and excellent friend, the Major, I listened with great interest to his narration of the part of the

campaign acted upon this spot and the adjoining country. I will repeat it to you as we ride over it. Jump your horse upon this decaying mound—it was a bastion.

Standing on this bastion, "Here," said the Major, "we had thrown up our lines, making the defences as strong as practicable. The British had also erected formidable works about half a mile in front, (the forest intervening,) composed of a large stone battery on their left, and two strong redoubts, from which they kept up an incessant discharge of shot and shells for several successive days, which was returned by us with equal vigour. At length a shell from their batteries having fallen upon it, blew up one of our small magazines, but with trifling injury to the rest of the defences. They greatly miscalculated the damage, and were elated with their success, and General Gaines received secret information that the intended to carry the works by storm on the following night. That night, said the Major, I shall not soon forget. It set in intensely dark and cloudy, extremely favourable to the design of the enemy. Every thing was put in the fullest state of preparation to receive them. The men enthusiastically awaiting the attack, were ordered to lie on their arms. Extended along the lines, and manning the fort and bastion, our little army, in perfect silence, awaited their coming.

The forest had been cleared about three hundred yards in front of our works—beyond that were, as you

see, the woods. As the night wore on, we listened with earnestness to every sound. A little after midnight, we heard on the dry leaves the stealthy sound of footsteps—pat—patter—patter. We listened—they came nearer. A short, sharp challenge : "Who goes there?" issued from that farther redoubt. The footsteps ceased, as if irresolute to advance or recede, and all was still. Another quick challenge—a rattle of the musket, as it fell into the hollow of the hand,—followed the reply :—"Picquet guard, forced in by the enemy's advance"—"Back, guard! back to your posts instantly, or we will fire upon you," rung the stern voice of our commanding officer. The footsteps of the stragglers slowly receded, and entire stillness again obtained. It was as profound as the darkness, not even the hum of an insect rose upon the ear. We laid our heads upon the ramparts, and listened with all our faculties. We listened. Perhaps half an hour elapsed, when we imagined we heard the dead, heavy sound of a large body of men—tramp—tramp—tramp —advancing through the pitchy darkness. A few moments passed—a brisk scattering fire, and the picquets came in in beautiful order, under the brave subaltern in command. The measured tread of disciplined troops became apparent. Every sense was stretched to the utmost in expectancy—every eye endeavoured to fathom the darkness in front, when, from Towson's battery, that towards the river, glanced a

volley of musquetry, and in another instant, the whole line of the works, bastion, redoubt, and rampart, streamed forth one living sheet of flame. Two eighteens, mounted where we stand, were filled to the muzzle with grape, cannister, and bags of musket-bullets —imagine their havoc. The enemy came on with loud shouts and undaunted bravery. By the continued glare of our discharges, we could see dense dark masses of men, moving in columns to three separate points of attack upon our works. Our artillery and musketry poured on them as they advanced a continual stream of fire, rolling and glancing from angles, bastions, and redoubts. Repulsed—they were re-formed by their officers, and brought again to the charge, to be again repulsed. At such times, hours fly like minutes. A life appears concentrated to a moment. We had been engaged perhaps an hour—perhaps three, when I heard in that bastion of the Fort, a hundred feet from me, above the uproar, a quick, furious struggle, as if of men engaged in fierce death-fight; a clashing of bayonets, and sharp pistol shots, mixed with heavy blows, and short quick breathing, such as you may have heard men make in violent exertion—in cutting wood with axes, or other severe manual labour. The conflict, though fierce, was short—the assailants were repelled. Those that gained a footing were bayonetted, or thrown back over the parapet. In a few moments, I heard again the same fierce struggle, and again fol-

lowed the like result and stillness—if stillness could be said to exist under continual roar of musketry and artillery. A third time it rose, sudden and desperate; it ceased, and presently a clear loud voice rose high above the battle from the bastion: "Stop firing in front there, you are firing on your friends." An instant cessation followed. We were deceived. In another moment, the voice of an officer with startling energy replied: "Aye, aye, we'll stop: give it them, men, give it them!"—and the firing, renewed, was continued with redoubled fury. The head of the centre column, composed of eight hundred picked men, the veterans of Egypt, led by Lieut. Col. Drummond in person, after three, several assaults, had gained possession of the bastion, and by that ruse, endeavoured to cause a cessation of the fire—a result that might have been fatal to us, had not the deception been so soon discerned. But the prize was of little value, as the bastion was commanded by the interior of the works, and the men, under cover of the walls of an adjoining barrack, poured into the gorge that led from it, a continued storm of musketry. The firing continued with unabated fury. The enemy, repulsed with great loss in every attack, was unsuccessful on every point save that bastion, the possession of which they still retained —when I heard a groaning roll and shake of the earth, and instantly the bastion, bodies of men, timber, guns, earth and stones, were blown up in the air like a volcano,

making every thing in the glare as clear as noonday. A descending timber dashed one of my artillerymen to pieces within a foot of my shoulder. Profound darkness and silence followed. Naught but the groans of the wounded and dying were heard. As if by mutual consent, the fighting ceased, and the enemy withdrew, repulsed on every side, save from the parapet which they purchased for their grave. A large quantity of fixed ammunition had been placed in the lower part, and a stray wad falling upon it, had blown them all up together. My duty required that I should immediately repair the bastion, and most horrible was the sight—bodies burnt and mutilated—some of them still pulsating with life, among them Lieut. Colonel Drummond, the leader of the attack. There he lay in the morning light, stark and stiff, extended on the rampart, a ball having passed through his breast. History mourns, that his courage assumed the character of ferocity. His war-cry of "No quarter to the damned Yankees," his own death-warrant, was long remembered against his countrymen. The enemy did not resume the attack, but retiring to their entrenched camp, strengthened their works, and prepared to make their approach by regular advances.

But come, spur on, we have far to ride—spur on. Here we are upon their works. Here is the stone water-battery, and there the two strong redoubts, and back of them the remains of their lines, and deep en-

trenchments. These are the works which were carried in the memorable and desperate sortie of Fort Erie. The right by Davis and Miller; the left by Porter and his volunteers. Here, on the left, quoth the Major, fell my gallant, my accomplished friend, Lieut. Col. Wood, at the head of his column. He was one of the most brilliant officers in the service, and as beautiful as a girl. I often gazed with astonishment at the desperate daring that characterised him in action; here he fell; he was bayonetted to death on the ground, on this spot"—and the Major's voice quivered, and he turned his face from me, for the cruel death of his dear friend was too much for his manhood. His ashes sleep amid the Highlands of the Hudson, beneath their monument, near the flag-staff at West-Point. Peace to his gallant spirit! The stars of his country can wave over no braver of her sons.

BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

We cross thy tranquil plains, Oh! Chippewa. Scott—Ripley—Towson—Hindman—brave soldiers; long will this battle-ground your names remember. And thou too, Riall! brave Englishman, foeman wert thou worthy of warriors' steel. But far different music has resounded through these continuous woods than the wild bird's carol, the hum of insects, and the waving of the breeze that now so gently greets our ear. Ay! yonder it is—yonder is the white house. There, said the Major, as General Scott, making a forward movement with his brigade in the afternoon of the 25th of July, 1814, came in view of it, we saw the court-yard filled with British officers, their horses held by orderlies and servants in attendance. As soon as we became visible to them, their bugles sounded to saddle, and in a few moments they were mounted and soon disappeared through the woods at full gallop, twenty bugles ringing the alarm from different parts of the forest. All vanished as if swallowed by the earth, save an elegant veteran officer, who reined up just out of musket shot, and took a leisurely survey of our numbers. Having apparently satisfied himself of our force, he raised the plumed hat from his head, and

bowing gracefully to our cortege, put spurs to his horse and disappeared with the rest. From the occupant of the house we gathered that we were about a mile distant from a strong body of the enemy, posted in the rising ground just beyond the woods in our front. General Scott, turning to one of his escort, said, "Be kind enough, sir, to return to Major General Brown; inform him that I have fallen in with the enemy's advance, posted in force at '*Lundy's Lane*,' and that in one half hour, I shall have joined battle." "Order up Ripley with the second brigade,—direct Porter to get his volunteers immediately under arms," was the brief reply of Major General Brown to my message, and the aids were instantly in their saddles, conveying the orders. As I galloped back through the woods, continued the Major, the cannon shot screaming by me, tearing the trees and sending the rail fences in the air in their course, warned me that the contest had begun. —But we are on the battle-ground. There, said the Major, upon the verge of that sloping hill, parallel with the road, and through the grave-yard towards the Niagara, was drawn up the British line under General Riall, in force three times greater than our brigade—his right covered with a powerful battery of nine pieces of artillery, two of them brass twenty-fours.

The *Eleventh* and *Twenty-second* regiments first leaving the wood, deployed upon the open ground with the coolness and regularity of a review,—and were soon en-

gaged furiously in action; the fire from the enemy's line and from the batteries, which completely commanded the position, opening upon them with tremendous effect. Towson, having hurried up with his guns on the left, in vain endeavoured to attain sufficient elevation to return the fire of their battery. The destruction on our side was very great;—the two regiments fought with consummate bravery. They were severely cut up, their ammunition became exhausted, and their officers nearly all of them having been killed and wounded, they were withdrawn from action,—the few officers remaining unhurt throwing themselves into the *Ninth*, which now came into action, led by the gallant Colonel Leavenworth.

The brunt of the battle now came upon them, and they alone sustained it for some time, fighting with unflinching bravery, until their numbers were reduced to one-half by the fire of the enemy. At this juncture, General Scott galloped up with the intention of charging up the hill; but finding them so much weakened, altered his intention, entreating them to hold their ground until the reinforcements, which were hastening up, should come to their assistance. A momentary cessation of the action ensued, while additional forces hurried up to the aid of each army—Ripley's brigade, Hindman's artillery, and Porter's volunteers, on the part of the Americans, and a strong reinforcement under General Drummond on that of the British. Hindman's

artillery were attached to that of Towson, and soon made themselves heard. Porter's brigade displayed on the left, while Ripley formed on the skirts of the wood to the right of Scott's brigade. The engagement was soon renewed, with augmented vigour; General Drummond taking command in person, with his fresh troops in the front line of the enemy. Colonel Jesup, who had at the commencement of the action been posted on the right, succeeded, after a gallant contest, in turning the left flank of the enemy, and came in upon his reserve, "burdened with prisoners, making himself visible to his own army, amid the darkness, in a blaze of fire," completely destroying all before him. The fight raged for some time with great fury, but it became apparent, uselessly to the Americans, if the enemy retained possession of the battery, manifestly the key of the position.

I was standing at the side of Colonel Miller, said the Major, when General Brown rode up and inquired, whether he could storm the battery with his regiment, while General Ripley supported him with the younger regiment, the *Twenty-third*. Miller, amid the uproar and confusion, deliberately surveyed the position, then quietly turning with infinite coolness replied, "*I'll try, sir.*" I think I see him now, said the Major, as drawing up his gigantic figure to its full height, he turned to his regiment, drilled to the precision of a piece of mechanism, I hear his deep lion tones—"*Twenty-first*—attention!—form

into column. You will advance up the hill to the storm of the battery—at the word 'halt,' you will deliver your fire at the port-lights of the artillerymen, and immediately carry the guns at the point of the bayonet. —Support arms—double quick—march!" Machinery could not have moved with more compactness than that gallant regiment followed the fearless stride of its leader. Supported by the *Twenty-third*, the dark mass moved up the hill like one body,—the lurid light glittering and flickering on their bayonets, as the combined fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry opened murderously upon them. They flinched not—they faltered not—the stern deep voices of the officers, as the deadly cannon-shot cut yawning chasms through them, alone was heard. "Close up—steady, men—steady." Within a hundred yards of the summit, the loud "Halt" was followed by a volley—sharp, instantaneous, as a clap of thunder. Another moment, rushing under the white smoke, a short furious struggle with the bayonet, and the artillerymen were swept like chaff from their guns. Another fierce struggle—the enemy's line was forced down the side of the hill, and the victory was ours—the position entirely in our hands—their own pieces turned and playing upon them in their retreat. It was bought at cruel price—most of the officers being either killed or wounded. The whole tide of the battle now turned to this point. The result of the conflict depended entirely upon the

ability of the victorious party to retain it. Major Hindman was ordered up, and posted his forces at the side of the captured cannon, while the American line correspondingly advanced. Stung with mortification, the brave General Drummond concentrated his forces, to retake by a desperate charge the position. The interval amid the darkness was alone filled by the roar of the cataracts, and the groans of the wounded. He advanced with strong reinforcements, outflanking each side of the American line. We were only able, in the murky darkness, to ascertain their approach by their heavy tread. "They halted within twenty paces—poured in a rapid fire and prepared for the rush." Directed by the blaze, our men returned it with deadly effect, and after a desperate struggle, the dense column recoiled. Another interval of darkness and silence, and again a most furious and desperate charge was made by the British, throwing the whole weight of their attack upon the American centre. The gallant *Twenty-first*, which composed it, receiving them with undaunted firmness—while the fire from our lines was "dreadfully effective," Hindman's artillery served with the most perfect coolness and effect. Staggering, they again recoiled. During this second attack, General Scott in person, his shattered brigade now consolidated into a single battalion, made two determined charges upon the right and left flank of the enemy, and in these he received the scars which his countrymen now see

upon his manly front. Our mên were now almostw orn down with fatigue, dying with thirst, for which they could gain no relief. The British, with fresh reinforcements—their men recruited and rested—after the interval of another hour, made their third and final effort to regain the position. They advanced—delivered their fire as before—and although it was returned with the same deadly effect, they steadily pressed forward. The *Twenty-first* again sustained the shock, and both lines were soon engaged in a "conflict, obstinate and dreadful beyond description." The right and left of the American line fell back for a moment, but were immediately rallied by their officers. "So desperate did the battle now become, that many battalions on both sides were forced back," the men engaged in indiscriminate melée, fought hand to hand, and with muskets clubbed; and "so terrific was the conflict where the cannon were stationed, that Major Hindman had to engage them over his guns and gun-carriages, and finally to spike two of his pieces, under the apprehenthat they would fall into the hands of the enemy." General Ripley at length made a most desperate and determined charge upon both of the enemy's flanks—they wavered—recoiled—gave way—and the centre soon following, they relinquished the fight and made a final retreat. The annals of warfare on this continent have never shown more desperate fighting. Bayonets were repeatedly crossed, and after the action, many of

the men were found mutually transfixed. The British force engaged was about five thousand men;—the American thirty-five hundred: the combined loss in killed and wounded, seventeen hundred and twenty-two, officers and men. The battle commenced at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate till midnight. We were so mingled, said the Major, and so great the confusion in the darkness, that as I was sitting with a group of officers in the earlier part of the night, on horseback, a British soldier came up to us, and recovering his musket, under the supposition that he was addressing one of his own officers, said, "Colonel Gordon will be much obliged, sir, if you will march up the three hundred men in the road to his assistance immediately, as he is very hard pressed." I called him nearer, and pressing his musket down over my holsters, made him prisoner. "What have I done, sir," said the astonished man, "what have I done?" and to convince British officers, as he supposed, of his loyalty, exclaimed, "Hurrah for the King, and damn the Yankees." As he was marched to the rear, the poor fellow was cut down by a grape shot. In another part of the field, an American aid pulled up suddenly on a body of men under full march. In reply to his demand, "What regiment is that?" he was answered, "The Royal Scots." With great presence of mind, he replied, "Halt! Royal Scots', till further orders," and then turning his horse's head, galloped from their

dangerous proximity. It was a horrid conflict. Humanity sighs over the slaughter of the brave men that fell in it.

But here we are, at the grave-yard, with its drooping willows and flowering locusts. Still—still—and quiet now. No armed men disturb its calmness and repose —no ponderous artillery wheels rudely cut its consecrated mounds—no ruffian jest—no savage execration —no moan of anguish, break now upon its hallowed silence. The long grass and blossoming heather waive green alike over the graves of friend and enemy. The marble tells the story of the few—the many, their very parents know not their resting place. See this broken wooden slab—it has rotted off even with the ground, and lies face downwards, the earth-worm burrowing under it, in this neglected corner. Pull the grass aside ; turn it over with your foot. What, the nearly effaced inscription?

"Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPT'N —— BROWN,

OF THE

21st Regiment

WHO DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION, WITH THE ENEM'Y, ON THE

25TH OF JULY, 1814."

And this is honour! This is fame! Why, brave man! e'en now, I read the tribute to thy bravery in the bulletin of the action. Thou had'st comrades—father, mother, sisters—to mourn thy loss—and *now*, the stranger's foot carelessly spurns thy frail memento; nor father, mother, sisters, nor human hand can point to the spot where rest thy ashes. Peace to thy manes! brave countrymen, where'er they sleep.

See from this point how gently and gracefully undulates the battle-field; the woods bowing to the evening breeze, as the soft sunlight pours through their branches show not the gashes of rude cannon shot—the plain, loaded and bending with the yellow harvest, betrays no human gore—yon hill scathed, scorched and blackened with cannon flame, the very resting place of the deadly battery, shows no relic of the fierce death struggle, as covered with the fragrant clover and wild blue-bell, the bee in monotonous hum banquets o'er it. Nought mars the serenity of nature as she smiles upon us. Yet, burnt in common funeral pyre, the ashes of those brave men, of friend and foe, there mingle in the bosom whence they issued. The frenzied passion passed, the furious conflict o'er, they have lain down in quiet, and like young children, sleep gently, sweetly, in the lap of that common mother who shelters with like protection the little field mouse from its gambols, and the turbaned Sultan sinking amid his prostrate millions. Shades of my gallant

countrymen! Shades of their daring foes—farewell. Ne'er had warriors more glorious death-couch,—the eternal Cataracts roar your requiem.

The reader's attention is requested to the more detailed account of this action in the Appendix. The inscription on the tablet is given from recollection, and it is possible that the number of the Regiment may not be the one to which this officer belonged.

LAKE GEORGE AND TICONDEROGA.

THE Sun of Morning hurls himself in blazing splendour o'er thy crystal waters, beautiful Horicon! as we float upon thy placid bosom, not as of yore, in feathery canoe, but in gaily-coloured bark, drawn by Steam Spirit, as he vainly strives to break his fiery prison. See, how he puffs and pants in the fierce embrace of the glowing element; in furious efforts dragging us onward with frantic swiftness, e'en as the frightened steed, the vehicle wildly bounding after him. As the valve of safety opens, hear the shriek of mad delight, with which exultingly he proclaims his freedom;—now, the iron portal closed, how like Sampson in the Prison Mill, struggling, giant-like, he again applies him to his toil. Imprisoned Spirit! there is no help for thee. Sweat thou must, and pant, and groan, till, like thy fellow-labourer, man, released from fire fetter, as he of earth, resolved to pure ether, thou shalt float again free and delighted in the clear elements above!

Ho! brother spirit, tarry, tarry—wait thou a little 'till I join thee,—then, how gallantly we'll ride! Couched on summer clouds, lazily we'll float: or, glancing on sun rays, shoot swift as thought, 'mid the bright worlds rolling in sublimity above us. We'll

bathe in the Moon's cold splendour, fan in the sultry heat of crimson Mars, slide upon Saturn's eternal snows, or joyously gambolling along the Milky Way, we'll chase the starry Serpent to his den. Ho! brother spirit;—but, we must bide our time—madly now in wild career, thou sweep'st the placid lake from under us.

But whom have we here? A sturdy hunter in homespun clad, with his long rifle—his broad-chested hounds in quiet, sleeping at his feet; our fellow-passenger, 'till landed on some mountain side, he follows his sylvan war. Clear animal health and vigour shine from each lineament—with what open, unsuspicious manhood—what boundless freedom he comports himself. Ha! what is it, hound? What is it? Why dost shake thy pendant ears and gaze so keenly in the distance—and why that plaintive howl? Ay, ay, hunter, thy practised eye hath caught it. On yon wooded island to the windward—a noble buck with graceful form and branching antlers. He sees us not, but the dog's quick senses have caught his scent upon the passing wind. Still, boy, still! Pilot, put her a little more under the island. Hunter, lend me thy rifle—launch the canoe. Come, hunter—peace—peace—keep the dogs on board; paddle for yonder point—now we shoot upon the pebbly beach—now make her fast to this dead log. We'll steal gently through the woods and come upon him unawares. Softly—press those

vines away; whist—avoid the rustling of the branches; here, creep through these bushes—tread lightly on the fallen leaves—you'll mire upon that swampy bottom. Hush—hush—tread softly—that crackling branch! He lifts his head—he looks uneasily about him—stand quiet. Now he browses again; get a little nearer—we are within distance. I'll try him—click. Back go the antlers—the cocking of the rifle has alarmed him—he's off! Here goes, hit or miss—crack—he jumps ten feet in the air. I've missed him—he bounds onward—no—yes—by Jove! he's down—he's up again—he plunges forward—he falls again—he rises—falls—he struggles to his knees—he ——falls. Hurrah! he's ours—quick—quick—thy *couteau de chasse*, we'll make sure of him. Stop—stop. Poor deer! and *I* have murdered thee, for my *sport* have murdered thee—have taken from thee the precious boon of life—with cruelty have broken the silver chord, which the beggar's blunt knife can sever, but not the jewelled fingers of the monarch again rejoin. There—there, thou liest, true to the Great Master's picture—

> "The, big round tears course down thy innocent nose in piteous chase,
> "And thy smooth leathern sides pant almost to bursting."

Thy life blood flows apace—e'en now thy large soft eye dims in the sleep of death—and *I* have slain thee. Thou had'st nought other enemy than the gaunt coward wolf, or fanged serpent; him, with light leaping

bounds, thou laugh'st to scorn, as his long howl struck on thy quick ear; and the sullen rattler, with many blows of thy tiny polished hoof thou dash'st to pieces, ere from his deadly coil, his flattened head, with glistening tongue and protruded fangs, could reach thee. Oh! I shame me of my miscreant fellowship. E'en the poisonous serpent, with quick vibrating tail, did give thee warning—*I* stole upon thee unawares. Hunter! take again thy weapon; for thee—'tis thy vocation—perhaps 'tis well—the game is thine. I entreat of thee, let not my innocent victim again reproach my eye-sight. So! here is the canoe—we again embark—we rock against the steamer's side—and now again rush onward in our swift career. Islands glide by us in countless numbers. The frightened trout scales in quick alarm from the splashing water-wheels, while echo, mocking their watery clamour, wakes the old mountains from their sleepy stillness, who again, like drowsy giants, relapse into repose as we leave them far behind us.

Ticonderoga, we approach thy shore. Ay—true to appointment—here are the horses. Mount—on we go, over hillock and valley, through brake, through brier, through mud, through water, through swamp, through mire; we gallop over the broad green peninsula—leap the entrenchments—thread the lines. Here is the citadel—descend the moat; the wild dank weeds and furze o'ertop our heads. Ay—here's a

chasm—a breach in the ancient walls; spur up—spur up; now we draw rein within the very centre of the blackened ruins. How lovely the view, from the soft undulating promontory—the lake bathing its sides; Horicon's mountains o'erlooking it on this—the stalwart yeomen of the verdant State, free as the winds, on that! Oh! Ticonderoga, midst these uncultivated wilds—these silent mountains—various and eventful hath been thy history.

Ho! Old Time—how calmly strok'st thou thy long grey beard, as seated on the broken ruins, thou ponderest their past! Come! come, old father! ascend this crumbling battlement—lean on my shoulder—I, *as yet*, am straightest—I will hold thy scythe. Now point to me the drama which past generations have acted upon this green peninsula.

What do I see? I see the savage life—the light canoe floating on the blue lake—painted warriors spearing the salmon, chasing the deer upon the plain, dragging the surly bear in triumph,—I see the swift paddle chase—I hear the laugh of children—the voice of patient squaws—the distant yell as rounding the point, the returning braves bemoan the dead left on the war-path, and as the shades of evening close, the sun in golden radiance retiring o'er the mountains, I see them congregate in wigwams in the cove.—The blue smoke rises gently o'er the tree tops, and all is still—quiet and serenity obtain—the whip-poor-will, and cricket, amid the drowsy hum of insect life, keep melancholy cadence.

"Stranger! venture not near them—the peace is treacherous. No civilized challenge shall give thee warning, but the cruel war-shriek wildly ring o'er the insensate brain as the light tomahawk trembles in thy cloven skull."

Wild mist rolls onward—I hear sounds of distant music—the mellow horn—the clashing cymbals break from its midst. Ah! it rises. A gallant army, in proud array, with flags and banners—bright glittering arms, and ponderous artillery. With alacrity they effect their landing. They fraternise with the red-skinned warriors. Their military lines run round like magic. I feel, e'en where we stand, huge walls, grim towers rise, and bastions springing up around us—the spotless drapeau blanc, high o'er our heads, floats in the breeze —wild chansons of love, of war, of la belle France, mix with mirth and revelry.

"Stranger, 'tis the quick '*Qui Vive*' that doth arrest thy footstep."

Ay—now, Old Time, the mystic curtain again rolls upwards. What do I see?—Red-coated soldiers advancing in proud battalia through the forest glades, the sunbeams dancing on their bayonets. I hear the sound of bugles—the clamorous roll of drums, the groaning jar and creak of heavy-wheeled artillery. Spread along the lines, covered with sharp abattis and water moat, I see the impatient Gaul, with savage ally in ambushment, await their coming—they advance with despe-

rate valour,—they ford the ditch, they hew the sharpened trees with axes. In vain—the balls like hail, from unseen foes murderously destroy them—their leader falls—hark! the bugle with melancholy wail sounds their retreat.

Again, Old Time, an interval—again red-coated soldiers! again groaning artillery! Look up!—the drapeau blanc has vanished—the meteor flag streams proudly from the flag-staff.

"Stranger, 'tis the Anglo-Saxon's rough challenge that gruffly breaks upon thy ear."

Long peace and silence—Old Father, now obtain—the sentry sleeps upon his post—women and children play upon the ramparts—but, hark! what is it far in the distance that I hear! the sound of battle! the fusilade of musketry—the roar of cannon! I see Bunker's Hill from light barricade sweep down her thousands—I see hurrying forward the hardy husbandman with hastily caught musket—the robed divine—the youth— the old man—cheered on by mothers—sisters —tender wives,—to strike

> "For their altars and their fires,
> God, and their native homes."

I see new Nation's symbol—Stars and Stripes—and watch, now in the midnight darkness through the fortress moat—how advance that fearless band of men—Lo! in silence they penetrate the fortress' centre. Hark! what voice rouses the astonished officer, as

starting from his slumbers, he meets, close at his throat, the bayonet's threatening point. "Surrender!" "To whom?" "The Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!"

Now floats the spangled banner proudly o'er the citadel—patriotic men assemble—armies make temporary resting place—invalid soldiers breathe the health-restoring air, and age wears on. Ha!—was that a meteor flashing from Defiance Mountain summit? And there, another?—Plunge! plunge! Cannon shot! screaming, yelling, bounding i' th' very centre of the fortress.

"'Tis the Englishman with his artillery."

Quick, quick!—St. Clair, withdraw the army—the position is no longer tenable. Strike not that flag!—palsied be the hand that so degrades the flag of Freedom—let it shake defiance to the last! Quick, the magazine—the train—Ha, hah! Ætna, Vesuvius like, the explosion.

Hallo! Old Time!—Ho! thou of the scythe!—What! hast gone? Am I!—ay, I am alone! Nought but the blackened ruins, and the crumbling ramparts, in silence surrounding me.

MONTREAL.

Now, in steam palace, we shoot in swift career o'er thy tranquil surface, Lake Champlain—thy rolling mountains, in wavy outline, accompanying us in our rapid progress. Vast primeval forests sleep in stillness along thy borders—their sylvan patriarchs, reigning for centuries, untouched by woodman's axe, stretch proudly their far-reaching branches, 'till ancient Time, pointing with extended finger the wild spirit of the winds breathes on them as he passes, and they succumb with sullen uproar, long with mock semblance retaining form and length, as if deriding the puny offspring shooting up around them; bestowing sore fall, I ween, and tumble on adventurous hunter, as stumbling through the undergrowth he plunges prostrate o'er them.

Forests immense cover the mountains, the gorges, valleys, reigning in stern solitude and silence, save where the fierce fire-god, serpent-like, pursues his flaming journey. There, followed by wreathing smoke columns, forward he leaps, with fiery tongue licking up acres—while the waterpools hissing in mist, join in his escort, and the wild game, with frantic swiftness, strive to es-

cape the hot destruction of his embraces. With steady, noiseless progress, the white villages appear and disappear beside us. Rouse's skeleton Tower looms largely in the distance;—now 'tis passed.

Thy military works, and crimson flag, Isle Aux Noix,—town of St. Johns, Richelieu, La Prairie,—we pass ye all; and advancing in soft summer atmosphere, Chambly, we behold thy mountain ramparts filling the far distance. St. Lawrence, majestic river, stretched like sheet of polished steel, as far as eye can reach, we stand upon thy level shores. Rapid—wide, rushing expanse of waters, with what glorious brightness thou look'st upon thy verdant shores, covered with continuous lines of snow-white cottages, and listenest to the soft music of the religious bells of the kind-hearted, cheerful habitans—as, with rude painted cross upon their door posts, they scare away the fiend, and joyously intercommune, in honest simple neighbourhood. La Chine—we speed o'er thy surface, with race-horse swiftness, and now *Montreal*,—beautiful—most beautiful,—couched at the foot of emerald mountain, liest thou upon the river's margin, thy spires, roofs, cupolas, glittering in the sun-beams with silver radiance, and thy grand cathedral chimes floating onwards till lost in dreamy distance. We land upon thy granite quay—measure the extended esplanade—now climb thy narrow streets and alleys. Almost we think we tread one of thy antique cities, ancient France,

—alleys narrow, dark and gloomy courts, grim inhospitable walls,—in place of airy casement, gratings and chained iron portals,—military barracks,—nunneries,—prisons,—fantastic churches, and Notre Dame's cloud-piercing towers, in huge architectural pile, looming high above all. Noisy, chattering habitans, in variegated waist-belts, and clattering sabots, rotund dark-robed priests, lank voyageurs—red-coated soldiers, and haughty officers,—jostle each other on the narrow trottoir—but, mark! the sullen, down-cast Indian, in blanket robed, with gaudy feathers and shining ornaments, his patient squaw, straight as an arrow, her piercing-eyed papoose clinging to her shoulders, silently following him, in noiseless moccasins, moves along the *kennel*. Verily, poor forest child, it hath been written, and Moslem-like, thou to thy destiny must bow—the fire-water and the Christian will it—fold thee closer in thy blanket robe, and—die. See yon Indian girl, standing at the corner—with what classic grace the blue fold drapery thrown o'er her head, descends her shoulders, as, fawn-like, she stands, avoiding the rude passer's stare.

Hardy ponies, in light calash, dash through the narrow streets, of passengers' safety regardless; or, tugging at great trucks, strive, in renewed exertion, to vociferous cries and exclamations of the volatile Canadian. How well these Englishmen sit their horses. See that gentleman—with what deli-

cate hand he reins the fiery blood that treads as if on feathers beneath him—and how picturesque appear, amid the motley throng, these red-coated soldiers.

Picturesque! I like them not—they indicate a subjugated people. Come! here stands one at the Champ de Mars—how martially he deports himself—his exactly poised musket, and his brazen ornaments—how bright! Inscribed upon his gorget are the actions which have signalized his regiment,—"Badajos"—"Salamanca"—"Vittoria"—"Waterloo." We will address him. Soldier, your regiment was at Salamanca,—"*S-i-r.*" By the inscription on your gorget, your regiment distinguished itself at Salamanca—"scaled the imminent deadly breach" at "Badajos"—stood the Cuirassiers wild charge amid the sulphurous smoke at Waterloo?—"Don't know, indeed, s-i-r." And is this the gallant soldier! Why, for years, under the menace of thy sergeant, thou hast scoured that gorget to regulation brightness—for years hast marched under thy regimental colours emblazoned with those characters, and still in ignorance, need'st a Champoillion to decipher them. 'Tis well. Thou art the machine, indeed, that they require.—Verily, thy daily wage of sixpence, and thy ration, are full compensation for thy service.

Listen! The masses hurrying forward in the western hemisphere—whether to happiness and equality,—or furious license and bloody anarchy—

with joyous shouts, and cries of freedom, arouse the echo. Dost hear above hoarse cries of "bread," and mob hurrah's—confused sounds—low muttering thunder—the rend and clank of chains that o'er the broad Atlantic roll from old Europe? 'Tis the chariot wheels of Liberty, as charging onwards she sweeps away rust-covered chains, and feudal bands, like maze of cobwebs, from her path. Hear! The Nations cry for Constitutions—the monarchs hurrying with ghastly smiles *grant* their request—the people would *take* them else. Therefore prepare thee, for wilt thou or thy rulers—the time surely approaches. Expand thy mind—cultivate thy intelligence—study thy God—so that when the hour arrives, in the first wild bounds of freedom, as the desert steed thou dash not thyself to pieces; nor, like the frantic Gaul, bursting from imprisonment of ages, gore thyself with thine own broken fetters, rushing on to deeds of blood and frenzy that cause humanity to shudder. Ponder it, soldier! fare thee well.

THE NUN.

Now as we pass, look up! How minute appears the collossal statue of Our Lady in its niche on the vast front of the cathedral. And the nunneries—self-constituted prisons for those whom God hath born to freedom—how like birds of evil omen they do congregate. Here is that of the Grey Order. Ring at the gateway —we will enter. Here we pass the court-yard; how still, how gloomy, and how prison-like! This is their hospital. Piteous collection! The blind, the halt, the maimed, the hideously deformed—consumption—palsy —the wrecks of fevers! See! with what continued torture that wretched being writhes in her fixed position. Oh! this is the small spark of good amid the black brands of evil. These orphan children are kindly cared for, but where the child-like joy and mirthful freedom! With what stealthy step the officials move about their duties along the silent corridors! and,—aye! here is the chapel, with its gilded altars, its ornaments, its embroideries, its bleeding hearts, its sacred symbols. See with what gentleness the "*Lady*" performs the servile duties of the sanctuary! with what humility she bends before the altar. Oh! how beautiful that cheek of tint of Indian shell;

those dark romantic eyes, with their long pensile lashes; that nose of Grecian outline; the small vermilion mouth; the throat and neck of snow, and the glossy raven tresses escaping in rich luxuriance from the plaited coif as they fall upon her sloping shoulders. Mournful seems her devotion—now rising she stands before the Mater Dolorosa; now wistfully gazes down the dark long corridor, in sorrowful meditation. Hush! be silent. I will steal gently near her. Lady! Turn not—'tis thy kind spirit whispers—art thou content? Does thy young active soul find employ congenial in these gloomy mysteries? Does thy springing, youthful heart, sympathize in these cold formalities—this company of grim-visaged saints and bearded martyrs with joy enchain thee? Does the passionate imagination and deep feeling flashing in those dark eyes—the already hectic kindling of that cheek, look with pleasure to long years—a life of cold monotonous routine—of nightly vigils—fastings—of painful mortifications? Lady! listen. They chain thy soul. Break thou away. Quick in thy youth, fly from them, fly. One moment. Speak not. See'st thou yon cottage peering from its green shades and gravelled walks—its parterres of the myrtle and the lily, its diamond lattice enwreathed and almost hidden in the embrace of sweet-smelling honeysuckles and clustering roses—and its interior with its simple yet delicate refinements? See'st thou in snowy dishabille the lovely woman?

with what heart-felt glee the frolicking, half-naked child, with chubby arms, almost suffocates in its little embrace her neck, its golden ringlets mingling like streams of light 'mid her dark tresses,—with what ecstasy she enfolds him in her embraces, with maternal lips pressing in exquisite delight the plump alabaster shoulders? Lady, such scenes, not gloomy walls, invite thee—nay 'tis not the voice of the Tempter—'tis not, as they will tell thee, the poisonous breath of the many-coloured serpent stealing o'er thy senses. Let bearded men, wrecked on their own fierce lawless passions, seek these dark cells, these painful vigils, these unmeaning mortifications. They are not for thee. The world awaits thy coming. The pawing steed, throwing the white froth flakes o'er his broad chest, impatiently awaits thee. Fly, dear lady, fly—the joyous, carrolling birds, the dew-spangled meadows, cry, Come. The green, green trees—the bubbling water-falls—the soft summer breezes—the rosy tinted East—the gorgeous drapery of the West—cry to thee, Come. The voice of thy lover, frantic at thy self-sacrifice—the voice of him who in the fragrant orange bower encircled thy slender waist, whilst, with heightened colour and downcast eyes, thou listen'd to his rapid vows—the voice of him, who with thy glossy raven tresses floating on his shoulder, and

thy warm, sweet breath, mingling with his, lavished soul, existence, all, on thee,—in agony cries, Dearest, dearest, come. Nay, nay, 'tis but for *thy* happiness,—I leave thee—exclaim not—I am gone.

CATARACTS OF NIAGARA.

Now—on, on—over the Chute, and down the Rapid —leaping the Saults—through the rivers, over the islands—we glide—we glide—we rush—we fly. Ho! Ariel, beautiful spirit, riding on thy rainbow—shoot not thy silver arrows at us as we pass. Tricksy spirit —fare thee well—now far in the distance, fare—thee—well! Ha! ha!—Old frolic Puck—sweating, panting, holding thy lubbard sides—we race—we race—we pass thee too—in vain thou strugglest to o'ertake us. Farewell—farewell. Go pinch the housemaids—tickle with straws the snoring herdsmen—tumble about the dusty mows—sprinkle sweet hay before the ruminating cattle—clutch by the tail the cunning fox, as stealthily he crawls within the hen-roost—and anon rub thy hands in glee o'er the embers on the capacious kitchen hearth, and on all-fours cut antics with the glowering cat, as with bowed back and shining eyes she watches thee i' th' corner—peer into the kettles and into the jars—see whether the barm rises —whether the yeast doth work; till with clash—clatter—the metal lid slips from thy fingers on the hearth-stone, and villain-like, thou shoot'st up the himney, with "Ho! ho! ho!" laughing at the sleepy

yeoman, as half covered, with oaken cudgel grasped, shivering, he peers through the door-crack the cause o' th' uproar. Farewell, farewell, mirthful goblin—farewell, farewell. Ontario, we waft across thy surface. Queenstown, thy sanguinary heights, crowned with brave Briton's monument, we pass, and now the rising mist-wreaths warn us of thy approach, Niagara. Huzza! huzza! now for a bath under the roaring Cataract. In what wild chaos of waters the clam'rous rapids, as if from the horizon, rush down upon us—jumping, leaping, boiling, in fierce confusion; and this frail bridge, how it groans and shakes in the torrent's sweep! A slip from Mahomet's sword edge o'er the awful Hades, would not consign us to more inevitable destruction, than would a treacherous plank or rotten beam from this shaking platform. We tread the deep green woods of Goat Island, their mossy trunks covered with love-marks of Orlandos and Rosalinds; and, amid the roar, descend the great Ferry stair-case—stop a moment at this landing—step out. How the solid earth shakes—jars and vibrates! How the wild winds rush by us, as the huge fluid arch stretches over with continuous plunge—and see that group of wild-flowers—scarlet, green, and purple—smiling in beauty beyond the reach of human hand, glistening in moisture midst the very spray in the rock cleft. But—haste—haste! Here is the boatman. Leap in—leap in! Now how, in our little cockle-shell bark, we

whirl and sport in the eddies, o'er the fathomless depths below, like wing-borne insects playing over the abyss.

We land—ascend the heights—we pass the sentry. At the tiring-house. We robe ourselves for the enterprise—tarpaulin coats—hats bound with old rope—trowsers of tow cloth—shoes of cowhide—ha! ha! But quick, descend the long spiral stair-case. Now, Guide—we follow. Beware you fall not on these sharp, slippery rocks. We approach. The Table Rock hangs over us. In grandeur the solid fluid mass falls precipitate. Prepare. Turn as you enter—hold down your head—repress your breath: are you ready? Rush! We are beneath the yawning chasm—soaked in an instant. Like furious rain-storm, and wind, and tempest all combined, this wild, frightful roar. What? Scream louder, louder. Hold firm by the guide—a slip from this narrow ledge—and—whew—splash—dead in our faces—almost suffocated. Turn to the dripping rock wall, and catch your breath till the wind rush again lifts the watery curtain. Slimy eels glide by—darkness deep above—dim light strives to reach us through the cataract sheets. We are at the extreme verge. Guide—guide—ha?—what indicates that motion of thy lips—closer—close in my ear. "Termination rock." Turn—turn—splash—swash—drenched—suffocated—return, return. We see again the light. Rush! We stand once more in the clear open sun-light. Whew!

—puff—dripping—dripping—a shower-bath worthy of old Neptune. How delightfully our nerves spring under its exhilarating influence. Take care—again these slippery stones. Beware! beware! Here we ascend again the stair-case. In the attiring-room. Towels—brushes—Christians once more.

Come—come! Now to the Table Rock. See with what treacherous glitter the wide Niagara stretches in perfect smoothness far towards Chippewa, till, descending upon us, it shoots the rapids o'er their rocky beds like things of life, and with wild rush around the island, sweeps resistless o'er the awful cataracts, a roaring hurricane of waters. Give me your hand—lean forward—look into the abyss—careful. Evil spirits take us at advantage at such times, and whisper us to leap forward. How lashed in milky whiteness the huge gulf boils and foams as the waters plunge fractured, disjointed, tumbling in masses—and the wild birds, how fearlessly they skim amid the white mist rising from its surface. How the earth shudders and trembles around us. You are already dizzy. Come back from the edge. How awful—how terribly sublime! How tame—how useless, helpless description! Would that I, with voice of inspiration, could command language adequate to pourtray the grandeur of the scene under stern Winter's reign! Transcendantly beautiful once I saw it! A thaw and rain, followed by sudden chill and cold, had clothed all the

forest—every hedge and shrub, with transparent coat of ice. Gnarled oaks, from massive trunk to their extremest twigs, became huge crystal chandeliers. The ever-green pines and hemlocks, with long lancing branches,—great emeralds; lithe willows, sweeping, glassy cascades; the wild vines, stiff in silvery trellices between them; the undergrowth, with scarlet, blue and purple berries, candied fruits. The pools of frozen water at their feet, dark sheets of adamant; and ever and anon, as the north wind passed o'er them, the forest was Golconda, Araby—one Ind of radiant gems, quivering with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, in glittering splendour; pearls, emeralds, hyacinths, chrysolites, falling in showers, as fractured from their crackling branches, they strewed the snowy bed stretched smooth around them. That wide, smooth river, far above the Rapids, ice-chained, a solid snow-white bed, gleaming in the midday sun. Yon tower, misshapen giant phantom, ice god, in frozen shroud and winding-sheet, firmly fixed 'mid the swift running waters:—huge stalactite icicles, Winter's hoary beard, hanging in fantastic curtains from each rock ledge—pinnacle—projection; while on the black rapids, the vast ice-fields breaking in masses, piled in wild confusion, grinding and swaying on their treacherous holds, till gathering momentum, with slide and plunge—submerged, they swept onward 'mid the wild roar of the cataracts, which, with stern, resistless power, held

their terrific course. Those huge sheets, those watery arches, those green beryl masses, plunging in resistless fury, unabated vastness, with desperate leaps into the foaming abyss below, the spray falling in silver showers, pierced by the sun's rays dancing around them in countless rainbows; while the ice avalanches, breaking from their grasps on the surrounding rocks and precipices, with booming plunge and uproar, fell crashing,—buried in the dark whirlpools, boiling in the fathomless depths below. The dark river, in torrents of copperas-hue, whirling in eddies, rushing o'er its deep rocky bed—in savage contrast with the snow-covered precipices that chained it to its course. Deep, resistless sweep of waters! black as despair—Sadoc here were to thee the waters of Oblivion—here that Lethe, which, till other worlds received thee, should blot existence from keenest memory.

The voice of the Unseen addressed the afflicted Patriarch from the whirlwind's midst—us does it warn from this chained whirlwind of the waters. Sublime, terrible, indescribable, as is this scene by human tongue, how tamely all its grandeur sinks beneath the catastrophe, which the being of future ages shall survey,—or would, if with eagle's wings he could soar high in the clouds above it,—when the narrow rock-belt which Niagara for by-gone centuries has been slowly wearing, severed, the light tract alluvial crumbling—the whole chain of inland oceans—Huron, Erie, Michigan,

with awful wildness and destruction, sweep in second deluge o'er this outlet—the adamantine rocks sinking like snow-wreaths from their beds—all principalities, kingdoms, states—whate'er they shall be—between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies, the Labrador and Mexico—swept from existence, and in their place a heaving surge—wild waste of waters. Fool! revolve this scene terrific in thy heart—ponder it well—then, if thou canst, say, indeed, there is no God! Thy life, at best a flickering taper, shall soon meet extinguishment. Then shall there be an eternity to convince thee.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

HERE we are in the middle of the month of August. The "world" have long since fled the hot walls and blazing pavements of old Gotham, and even the very school-boys are let loose from their pale-faced pedagogues, to frolic like young colts in the country. Come, let us not alone remain in the sweltering city. Throw a few things in your carpet-bag—ay, that is sufficient. Make me the guide. We will leave Saratoga and Rockaway to their flirtations—another field is before us. Now, Eastward ho! shall lie our course. Distance and time are left behind us—already we are ensconced at the Mansion House in this most lovely of villages, "Northampton the beautiful."

Well does it deserve the name. Come one moment to the corner of this piazza. Look down the long avenues. See the symmetrical verdant arches, formed by the boughs of the antique elms, bending toward each other in loving fraternity; and see the snow-white houses at their feet, their court-yards smiling with flowers; and see the still more smiling faces that glance behind their transparent windows. That will do—you have stared long enough at the demure beauty behind the green blinds. Look this way, and witness

the refined taste exhibited in the graceful cottages, as they stand in relief against the dark back-ground of the forest,—the Grecian column, the Gothic arch, the Italian verandah, cottage and temple, all spread around you like the city of your dreams. Truly it seems, as it mostly is, the abode of retired gentlemen—a very Decameron sort of a place in this working-day world of ours. But, allons! Are we not Americans? *Why* should we rest? To breakfast—behold a regular Yankee feast. Snow-white bread, and golden butter, —chickens that one short hour since dreamed of bins of corn and acres of oats on their roosts in the lofty barn,—steaks, pies, tea, preserves, the well-browned cakes, and last, not least, the sparkling amber cider. Blessings on the heart of the nice looking damsel at the coffee urn, with her red cheeks and neat check apron. But, egad! my dear friend—prudence! hold up—we have to ascend the mountain, and you will not find the feast that you are stowing away with such Dalgetty industry, likely to improve your wind. That last hot roll lengthens our ascent just one quarter of an hour. There! the horses are neighing, and impatiently champing the bit at the door. Are you ready? Come then. Look out, lest that fiery devil throw you on the bosom of our common mother, earth!—your bones would find her a step-dame—those flaming nostrils are sworn enemies to your long spur gaffs. But here we go! How balmy and delightful the cool air

of the morning!—the verdant grass rises gracefully—the wild flower shakes its tiny bells, and drinks the dewy diamond glittering on its lips, as it waves gently o'er them. The rich yellow sun mocks the trees, as it rolls out their broad shadows on the velvet turf beneath—while from knoll and waving mullen stalk, the meadow-lark, with out-stretched neck and piercing eye, utters his sweet notes in almost delirious rapture. We clear the broad meadows. Our very horses, with ears erect, gather speed with every bound, and seem ready to cry ha! ha! We are the fabled centaurs of old.

See! see!—the heavy morning mist, rising in huge volumes, reluctantly bares the forest on the mountain side,—it curls and breaks in vast masses,—it slowly rolls off to the eastward. Aye! there he stands—there stands old *Holyoke*, with his cragged coronal of rocks, a gigantic Titan, bidding defiance to time and tempest. Gallop—gallop! we are within two hundred feet of the summit. This precipice, its dark sides frowning and grim, the velvet moss, and little clustres of scarlet and yellow flowers peeping from its crevices, where the ripling brooklet scatters its mimic showers over them, wreathed fantastically with vines and gnarled branches from its clefts,—we must climb on foot. Rest a moment. How perfectly still the dense forest extends arounds us. Nought breaks the silence, save the querulous cry of the cat-bird, as it hops from branch

to branch,—the mimic bark of the squirrel, or the distant hollow tap of the woodpecker. Now, a little more climbing—take care of those loose stones—a few steps additional ascent—give me your hand—spring! —here we are on the rocky platform of its summit. Is not the scene magnificent? We stand in the centre of an amphitheatre two hundred miles in diameter. See! at the base of the mountain curls, like a huge serpent, the Connecticut, its sinuosities cutting the smooth plains with all sorts of grotesque figures,—now making a circuit around a peninsula of miles, across whose neck a child might throw a stone,—here stretching straight as an arrow for a like distance,—and there again returning like a hare upon its course. See the verdant valleys extending around us, rich with the labour of good old New England's sons, and far in the distance—the blue smoky distance—rising in majesty, God's land-marks, the mountains. See the beautiful plains, the prairies beneath us, one great carpet of cultivation,—the fields of grain, the yellow wheat, the verdant maize, the flocks, the herds, the meadow, the woodland, forming beautiful and defined figures in its texture, while the villages in glistening whiteness, are scattered, like patches of snow, in every part of the landscape; and hark! in that indistinct and mellow music we hear the bell slowly tolling from yonder slender spire. Oh! for a Ruysdael, or a Rubens, to do justice to the picture.

Surely God did not intend that we should sweat and pant in cities when he places such scenes before us. How like the fierce giants of old the lofty mountains encircle it, as a land of enchantment. See! see! the clouds, as they scud along in the heavens, how they throw their broad shadows, chasing each other on the plains below. Imagine them squadrons, charging in desperate and bloody battle. But no—widows and orphans' tears follow not *their* encounters—rather the smiles of the honest, hard-handed yeoman, as he foresees his wains groaning with the anticipated harvests —his swelling stacks—his crowded granaries. Here, for the present, let us recline on the broad and moss-covered rocks, while with the untutored Indian, its rightful owner, in silent admiration, we worship the Great Spirit, whose finger moves not, save in beauty, in harmony and majesty.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

"KNOCK! knock! knock!" W-e-l-l. "Thump! thump! thump!" Who's there? What do you want? "Passengers for the White Mountains, Sir, time to get up,—stage ready." Is it possible? three o'clock already? W-e-l-l, I'll get up. Call the gentleman in the next room. Well, my friend, how are you, after your trip of yesterday to Mount Holyoke?—a little stiff in the knees and ancles, eh!—but come, the stage is at the door. Waiter, hold the light. How forlorn look the heavy muddy vehicle, and half-waked horses by the dim light of the stage lamps. That's right, my good fellow; throw those carpet-bags in the inside. Shut the door. All ready. Driver, go ahead! "Aye, aye, sir." "Hey!—Tchk! tchk!—Crack! crack! crack! off we go. The steady clatter of the horses' hoofs, the jingling of the harness, the occasional roll, as we pass over the boards of some bridge, and the intejectional whistle of the driver as he encourages them, are the only things that break the silence for the next hour. The morning light begins to dawn. Whom have we here? Only two fellow travellers. An honest, clean-looking countryman, snugly fixed in one corner, with his night-cap pulled over his eyes, and his

mouth wide open, as if admiring the melody that his nose in bugle strain is enacting just above it; and opposite to him a gross fat man, of rubicund visage, his eyes ensconced in goggles. See! he nods—and nods—and nods, and now his head bobs forward into his neighbour's lap. How foolishly he looks, as he awakes to consciousness It is broad day-light. Let us get up with the driver on the outside, and enjoy our cigars and the scenery together.

Here we go, through the Connecticut River Valley, famous for its scenery and its legends—the region of bright eyes and strong arms—the land of quiltings and huskings—of house-raisings and militia trainings, and the home of savory roast pigs and stuffed turkeys, of fat geese, of apple sauce, and pumpkin pies; the Ultima Thule to the Yankee's imagination. Now we are at Deerfield. While they are about our breakfast, we will run across the road, and see the old Williams Mansion. A hundred years since, it was surrounded by Indians, and its occupant, the clergyman, with his family, carried off captives to Canada. Here is the very hole cut in the front door by their tomahawks, and here the hacks of the hatchets. Through this hole they ran their rifles, and fired into the house, killing a man confined to his bed by sickness, and here is the ball lodging to this day in the side of the wall—and this occurred one hundred years ago! Say you, that the people that treasure up these legends, and retain these memorials

untouched, have no poetry in their souls? But there goes the stageman's horn! Our breakfast finished, we resume our places at the side of the good-natured driver, and on we roll. We pass Brattleboro', snugly ensconced in its mountain eyrie, and Hanover, with its broad parade, its flourishing colleges, and its inhabitants that never die,—save from old age.

With teams of six and eight horses, we speed over hill, over dale, over mountain, over valley, ascending and descending the mountains in full run; our gallant horses almost with human instinct, guiding themselves. Snorting leaders, swerve not aside in your career—linch-pins, do your duty—traces and breeching, hold on toughly, or "happy men be our dole." Hah! Wild Amonoosac, we greet thy indeed wild roar.—How it sweeps the fallen timber in its boiling eddies! The huge logs slide dancing onwards with the velocity of the canoes of the Indian; or caught by envious projection, or uplifting rock, form dams and cascades, till the increasing and cumbrous masses, gathering momentum, plunge forward, sweeping all before them,—and—but whist! Step into the shade of this tree—look into the dark pool beneath those gnarled roots—how beautifully the gold and purple colours glitter—how motionlessly still is the head—how slight and tremulous the movement of that fin—the wavy motion of the tail. A two pounder, as I am a Christian! Whist! whist! See that dragon-fly, gently

sailing o'er the surface—he rests a moment on it. Watch! the head slowly turns—the fins move decidedly—ay—now—one rapid whirl of the tail—an electric leap to the surface—Poor fly, thy history is written; and well for thee, thou greedy trout, that no barbed hook suspends thee in mid air—struggling in beauty, though in death, the prize of exulting angler. And thou, too, art there, savage *Mount Franconia*, with thy fantastic and human outline! Old Man of the Mountain!—with what grim stoicism thou lookest down upon the busy miners, as with picks and powder-blast they rive the sullen mineral from thy vitals. Ay! watch thou by the lurid glare the sweating, half-naked forgemen, as they feed with thy forests the roaring furnaces. Watch the molten ore, slowly running in glittering streams, with fiery showers of scintillations into the dark earth-troughs below; while with ceaseless din, the ponderous trip-hammers, and clanking machinery, break the till now Sabbath stillness of thy dwelling place. But fare thee well, thou imperturbable old man; fare thee well, for now, we enter the dense continuous forest, through which the busy hand of man has with unwearied industry cut the avenue. How deliciously the aroma of the gigantic pines, mingles with the pure elastic air of the mountains. See the thick undergrowth; the dogwood with its snowy blossoms—the scarlet sumac—the waving green briar, profuse with delicate roses,—the crimson

raspberry, loaded with its fruit—the yellow sensitive plant—the dancing blue-bell; and, rising through the entangled mass of verdure and beauty, see the luxuriant wild grape, and clinging ivy, joyously climbing the patriarchs of the forest, encircling their trunks, and hanging their branches in graceful festoons and umbrageous bowers.—No human foot, save with the aid of pioneer, can penetrate its matted wildness—nought save those huge patriarchs rising above it as they grow old and die, and fall with crashing uproar, as into flowery sepulchre, intrude upon its solitude. Then, indeed, in heavy booming plunge and rush, they seem to wildly sing, like their painted children, their death song. But hark!—whence that wild and dissonant shriek, that rings upon the ear? Ah—yonder, erect and motionless, he sits upon the towering oak with haughty eye and talons of iron, screaming his call of warning to his partner, slowly circling in graceful curves high, high in the blue ether above him. Ay! proud bird, our nation's emblem, would that thy wild scream could warn from us, the accursed spirit of Mammon, which, spreading like an incubus, blights and destroys with its mildew the virtues and energies of her sons.

But see, where, as the dense forest stretches onward, the casual spark dropped by the hand of the woodman, spreading into flame, and gathering in mighty volumes of fire, has swept onwards in its roaring, crackling, de-

stroying progress, leaving nought behind it, save these grim and blackened skeletons, and dead plains of ashes. See what darkness and desolation, and apparent annihilation, extend around you—but yet, silently and quietly, ere long, shall the germ of life which can never die, rise from these ashes, and verdure and beauty reign again, as was their wont. Even so the solitary mourner, when death strikes down at his side his dearest ones, stands helplessly encircled by solitude and desolation; but soon all-pervading benevolence causes the green germ of the soul to rise from the ashes, and his heart again expands with tenderness and sympathy.

The scene of desolation is passed! and now, lest the Lord of fire should reign uncontrolled, lo! where the spirit of the whirlwind has swept in his wild tornado. Lo! far as your vision can command the circle—where, rushing from the mountain gorges his chariots have whirled along in their fierce career of destruction. In mid height, the lofty trees are snapped like pipe stems, and prone like the field of grain laid by the hand of the reaper, huge trunks with the moss of centuries,—not here and there one solitary,—but for miles, the whole vast forest—prostrate, never again to rise.

But speed! speed! the mountain passes are before us! See—see their huge walls tower in chaotic wildness above us. Rocks on rocks—ledge on ledge—

cliff on cliff—plunged upon each other in frantic disorder. See—

> "See the giant snouted crags, ho! ho!
> How they snort, how they blow."

See the huge rock ramparts shooting their wild peaks and jagged pinnacles upwards, piercing the very sky above us! their frowning and gashed sides trickling and discoloured with the corroding minerals in their bowels; the stunted pines and evergreens clinging like dwarf shrubs in their crevices. Take heed! beware you fall not. See the huge slides—they have swept whole torrents of rocks, of earth, in promiscuous destruction, from their summits, upon the valley below—the rivers filled, and turned from their courses, in their path,—the very forest itself—the loftiest trees torn up, their branches, their trunks, their upturned roots ground and intermixed with rock and earth, and splintered timber, swept on in wild, inextricable confusion—and here! where starting from their slumbers, the devoted family rushed naked and horror-stricken to meet it in mid career. Ay! hold on by the sides of the steep precipice—cling to the ledge as the wild wind rushes by in furious gust—a slip were your passport to eternity. Look down! How awful the precipice, thousands of feet below you—how the blood curdles and rushes back upon the heart, as you imagine the fatal plunge. Well might the Puritans of old, deem these ghastly deserts the abode and haunts of the evil one.

But, on—on—how toilsome the ascent.—That was a fearful blast; hold tightly the wild roots in thy grasp as it passes. Long since have we passed the region of vegetation: the dry and arid moss clinging to rock and stone, is alone around us. Ay! drink of that spring—but beware its icy coldness—nor winter, nor summer, alters its temperature. Behold, in the clefts and gorges below, the never-melting snow-wreaths. The flaming suns of summer pass over, and leave them undiminished. Courage! we climb, we climb. The witches of the Brocken ne'er had such wild chaos for their orgies. Courage, my friend! We ascend—we ascend—we reach the top—now panting—breathless—exhausted, we throw ourselves upon the extreme summit.

Gather your faculties—press hard your throbbing heart. Catch a view of the scene of grandeur around you, before the wild clouds, like dense volumes of steam, enclose us in their embrace, shutting it from our vision; —mountains—mountains—rolling off as far as eye can reach in untiring vastness—a huge sea of mountains held motionless in mid career. How sublime! how grand! what awful solitude! what chilling, stern, inexorable silence! It seems as if an expectant world were awaiting in palpitating stillness the visible advent of the Almighty—mountain and valley in expectant awe. Oh! man—strutting in thy little sphere, thinkest thou that adoration is confined alone to thy cushioned seats

—thy aisles of marble ; that for devotion, the Almighty looks to nought but thee ? Why, look thou there !—beneath—around—millions—millions—millions of acres teeming with life, yet hushed in silence to thy ear—each grain the integer and composite of a world—the minutest portion, a study—a wonder in itself—lie before thee in awful adoration of their Almighty Founder. Well did the Seers of old go into the mountains to worship. Oh ! my brother-man—thou that dost toil, and groan, and labour, in continual conflict with what appears to thee unrelenting fate—thou to whom the brow-sweat appears to bring nought but the bitter bread, and contumely, and shame ;—thou on whom the Sysiphean rock of misfortune seems remorselessly to recoil—ascend thou hither. Here, on this mountain-peak, nor King, nor Emperor are thy superior. Here, thou *art* a man. Stand thou here ; and while with thy faculties thou canst command, in instant comprehension, the scene sublime before thee, elevate thee in thy self-respect, and calmly, bravely throw thyself into the all-sheltering arms of Him, who watches with like benevolence and protection, the young bird in its grassy nest, and the majestic spheres, chiming eternal music in their circling courses !

BASS FISHING OFF NEWPORT.

HERE we are at Newport—what a little gem of an island—rising like emerald on sapphire, from the surrounding ocean. Neither at Potter's nor at Whitfield's, will we take our abode. We will walk up to the Mall. Ay, here, with its green blinds and scrupulously clean piazza, is old Mrs. E——'s, and they are at tea already. Come, take your seat at table.

With what serene dignity and kindness the old lady, in her nice plaited cap, her spotless kerchief, and russet poplin dress, her pin ball, with its silver chain, hanging at her waist—presides at the board—crowded with every imaginable homely delicacy—from the preserved peach and crullers made by herself, to the green candied limes brought home by her grandson from his last West India voyage. See the antique furniture, with its elaborate carving, the mahogany-framed looking-glasses; and, in the corner, on the round stand, the large Bible, carefully covered with baize, surmounted with the silver spectacles. No place this for swearing, duel-fighting, be-whiskered heroes; but just the thing for quiet, sober folk, like you and me. What sayest thou, Scipio, thou ebon angel, — that the ebb sets at five i' the morning,

and that old Davy Swan, the fisherman, will be ready for us at the Long Wharf at that hour? Well, get yourself ready and go along with us. Call us in season. Ay, that will do—the roll of those eyes—the display of that ivory, to say nothing of the scratch of that head, and the sudden displacement of that leg, sufficiently evince thy delight.

So, so,—here we are, punctual to the hour. Ay, yonder he is in his broad strong fishing-boat; yonder is old Davy Swan, as he was twenty years ago; the same tall, gaunt figure, the same stoop in the shoulders, bronzed visage, and twinkling grey eyes; the same wrinkles at the side of his mouth, though deeper; the same long, lank hair, but now the sable silvered; the same—the same that he was in the days of my boyhood. He sees us. Now he stretches up to the wharf. Jump in—jump in. Be careful, thou son of Ethiopia, or thy basket will be overboard—sad disappointment to our sea-whet appetites some few brief hours hence. All in. We slide gently from the wharf. The light air in the inner harbour here barely gives us headway. Look down into the deep, still water—clear as crystal; see the long sea-weed wave below; see the lithe eels, coursing and whipping their paths through its entangled beds; and see our boat, with its green and yellow sides—its long flaunting pennant—its symmetrical white sails, suspended, as if in mid-air, on its transparent surface.

How still and tranquil lies the quiet town, as the sun gilds its white steeples; and how comfortable look the old family mansions rising from the green trees. How beautifully the yellow sun casts his shadows on the undulating surface of the island, green and verdant—the flocks of sheep, and browsing cattle, grouped here and there upon its smooth pastures. And see, how yonder alike he gilds the land of the brave, the chivalrous, the unfortunate Miantonimoh. We float past Fort Wolcott. Its grass-grown ramparts, surmounted with dark ordnance, and its fields cheerful with white-washed cottages and magazines.

Ay! now it breezes a little—now we gather headway—and now we pass the cutter. See her long, taper, raking masts, her taut stays and shrouds; and hear, as the stripes and stars are run up to her gaff, the short roll of the drum, the "beat to quarters." Hah! Davy,—old fellow, dost remember that note last war? How many times, at midnight, we've sprang from our beds as that short, quick "rub-a-dub" warned us of the approach of the blockading frigates, as they neared the town. But, no, no,—forgive me, old tar,—I recollect, indeed, thou then wast captain of thy gun, on board the dashing *Essex*. Ay! well now do I remember, brave old sailor, thy conduct in her last desperate battle. Eighteen men hadst thou killed at thy single gun. I think I see thee now, as grimed with powder, spattered with blood, thou didst advance,

through fire and smoke, and approach thy saturnine commander on the quarter-deck. I hear thy brief, business-like request, "A fresh crew for Number Three, Second Division. All my men are killed!" And the short, stern response, "Where is your officer?" "*Dead*,—swept overboard by cannon shot." And well can I see the momentary play of anguish round his mouth, as, resuming his hurried walk, he gloomily replies, "I have no more men—you must fight your gun yourself!" Ay—and as thy proud ship a helpless target lay, for twice superior force, I hear poor Ripley, thy brave comrade, severed almost in twain by cannon shot, crying, with short farewell—"Messmates, I am no longer of use to myself or country," as he throws himself, his life-blood gushing, overboard.

But now the wind freshens—the smooth surface darkens—the sails belly out in tension, and the white ripples gather under our bows. We round the point: Fort Adams, we pass, thy massive walls, thy grim "forty-two's" glaring like wild beasts, chained, ready to leap upon us from their casements. Ay—now we run outside—now it freshens—now it breezes—she begins to dance like a feather. There it comes stronger! see the white caps! There she goes—scuppers under—swash—swash—swash—we jump from wave to wave, as we run parallel with the shore, our pennant streaming proudly behind us. Here it

comes, strong and steady—there she takes it—gunwale under—luff, old fellow! luff up, Davy! or you'll give us all wet jackets. Ay! that will do—she's in the wind's eye. How the waves tumble in upon the land—see the Spouting Rock—see the column of white foam thrown up, as repulsed, the waves roll out again from the rocky cavern. We near the Dumplings—and, round to! round to! here are the lobster-pots—haul in—tumble them in the bottom of the boat—ay—there's bait enough. Now we lay our course across to Beaver Light—we slide, we dash along—springing from wave to wave—dash—dash—no barnacles on her bottom at this rate, Davy. Ay, here we are—a quick run—a good quick run. Anchor her just outside the surf—ay, that will do—give her a good swing—let her ride free—she rolls like a barrel on these long waves. Look to your footing, boys—steady—steady. Now, then, for it. Davy, you and Scip will will have as much as you can do to bait for us—all ready. Here goes then—a good long throw—that's it—my sinker is just inside the surf. What!—already! I've got him—pull in, pull in—see, my line vibrates like a fiddle-string!—pull away—here he is—*Tautaug*—three-pounder. Lie you there—ay, slap away, beauty, you have done for ever with your native element. There, again—off with him. Again—again—again. This is fun to us, but death to you, ye disciples of St. Anthony! Give me a good large bait this

time, Scipio—that will do—now, whis-whis-whis-te—that's a clean, long throw. By Jupiter! you have got a bite with a vengeance. Careful—give him more line—let it run—play him—ease—ease the line around the thole-pin; he'll take all the skin of your fingers else. Pull away gently—there he runs. Careful, or you lose him—play him a little—he begins to tire—steady, steady—draw away—now he shoots wildly this way—look out! there he goes under the boat; here he is again. Steady—quick, Davy, the net;—I've got it under him—now then, in with him. Bass! twenty pounds, by all the steel-yards in the old Brick Market! Ay, there they have got hold of me; a pull like a young shark; let it run—the whole line is out—quick, quick—take a turn round the thole-pin—snap! There, Davy! there goes your best line, sinker, hooks and all. Give me the other line. Ah, ha!—again—again—again. This is sport. One—two—three——nine Bass, and thirty Tautaug. So—the tide won't serve here any longer; we will stretch across to Brenton's Reef, on the other side. Up anchor, hoist away the jib. Here we go, again coursing o'er the blue water. How the wind lulls. Whew—whew—whew—blow wind, blow! Put her a little more before it; that will do. Hallo, you, Scipio! wake up—wake up. Here we are, close on the reef—give her plenty of cable. Let her just swing clear, to lay our sinkers on the rocks. That will do. How the surges swell, and roar, and,

recoiling, rush again boiling on the rocks. So—so, they don't bite well here to-day. The tide comes in too strong flood; well, we can't complain, we have had good sport even as it is. Come, Africa, bear a hand; let's see what you have got in that big basket. Come, turn out, turn out. Ham, chicken, smoked salmon, bread and butter; and in that black bottle?—ay, good old brown stout? Pass them along—pass them along, and wo be unto thee, old fellow, if thy commissariat falls short.

BRENTON'S REEF.

With what sullen and continuous roar the ocean waves heave in upon this inhospitable reef. See, as they recede, how the long slimy rock-weed hangs dripping, and how deeply the returning surge buries it again. Oh, never shall I forget the scene upon this horrid reef, witnessed in my boyhood. A dark portentous day in autumn, was followed in the evening by a terrific storm. Low, muttering thunder, which had been growling in the distant horizon, as the night set in, grew louder. The perfect stillness which had obtained, as if in preparation, was broken by long moaning sighs; the lightning became quick and incessant, and ere long, the tempest, like an unchained demon, came bounding in from Ocean. The lightning intensely vivid, accompanied by crashing and terrific thunder, illuminated the surrounding coast with glittering splendour; the islands, the rocks, and yon beacon tower, now exposed to brightness, surpassing noon-day, and now plunged into blackest darkness. The ocean appeared a sea of molten fire. Rain—hail—dashed hissing by, and mid the screaming of the blast, and the torrents rushing from the skies, the huge

waves plunged, and roared, and lashed in milky whiteness, broke mast high upon these horrid rocks While the fishermen in their cottages were thanking their stars that they were snug and safe on shore, we heard in the temporary lulls of the howling storm, signa guns of distress. The neighbouring inhabitants, myself among the number, were soon upon that point, and by the glittering flashes within musket shot of the shore, discerned a Spanish ship on the very ridge of the frightful reef—the stumps of her masts alone remaining—the surf running and breaking in a continual deluge over her, while in her fore shrouds were congregated the unhappy crew. She was so near to us, that we could almost see the expression of agony in their countenances, as, with extended hands they piteously shrieked for help. Their situation was hopeless. We could do nothing for them. No whale-boat could have lived for a moment, the surf rolled in with such resistless violence. We could only listen in silent horror. We heard the very grinding of her timbers, as shock on shock hastened her dissolution; and amid the fury of the storm, and their frantic cries for aid, never shall I forget, in the momentary lulls, the sickening continuous wail of a young boy lashed in the mid-rigging,—his supplicating exclamation, "Ai Jesus!—Ai Jesus!" Often, years after, in my dreams, did I hear those plaintive cries, and see that young boy's face turned imploringly to Heaven, while

that "Ai Jesus!—Ai Jesus!" rang wildly in my ears. But a short time could human fabric sustain the ceaseless plunge of the foaming elements. By the lightning flashes, we could see the number of the sufferers lessen, as relaxing their hold, they dropped off exhausted one by one—swept into the rocky caverns below; until, a longer interval of darkness—a more intense flash of lightning—and all had disappeared. Nought was left but the white foam as it rushed tumultuously boiling and coursing over the long reef before us. It was so brief—so hurried—the appearance of our fellow-creatures in their agony, and their disappearance so sudden, that it seemed a feverish dream. But the dead, mutilated bodies—ceroons of indigo and tobacco —and broken planks, swept along the shore on the following morning, convinced us of its sad reality.

The corse of the young boy, ungashed by the ragged rocks, I found, and caused it to be buried apart from the rest in the church-yard, for it appeared, as if there was in his childish helplessness, a claim upon me for protection. That expression of agony I ne'er heard since—save once: and that—but Davy, we have had all the sport we are like to have to-day—get up the anchor, and we will fan along up to the harbour. So—let her jibe—now put her before it—ay—that will do.—As I was saying. Shortly after the close of the last war, buoyant with youth and hope, I made, what was then not so common as now, the tour of Europe—lin-

gering long in Old Spain, fascinated with the romantic character of the countrymen of Cervantes—of the gallant Moors—of the Alhambra and the Cid. It chanced one evening, strolling about the streets of Madrid in pursuance of adventure, that, passing through one of the most unfrequented squares, I was attracted by lights shining through the long Gothic windows of a large chapel or cathedral. I approached, and entering with some curiosity found it entirely silent. No living soul was present within its walls. The lofty chancel and altars were shrouded in mourning. By the wax candles on the altars, I could see the fretted arches—the shrines and monuments along the walls—and the family banners wreathed in gloomy festoons above them. I wandered about, alone and uninterrupted. Nought moved, save the old blood-stained flags, as they fitfully waived to and fro in the wind. I gazed around me in admiration on the rich shrines and their appropriate pictures. Here, with her offerings of flowers, the wax candles, burning bright and clear, was the Madonna, her lovely countenance beaming with celestial sweetness, as she looked down upon the infant Saviour nestling in her arms—the Baptist standing at her knee, pressing the plump little foot to his lips—and there, John in the island of Patmos—his emaciated limbs staring from their scanty covering of sackcloth—and his gaunt features glowing with inspiration, as from among the

cloud of scattered grey hair, and venerable beard, with upturned face, he received from the flame-encircled trumpet above him, the Holy Revelation.

Here, armed cap-à-pied, the chivalrous Knights of the Temple consigned their slain brother to his rocky sepulchre, as with grim, stern, averted countenances they watched the fierce conflict and assault of the daring Infidel upon their Holy City—and there, the cross of Constantine richly emblazoned on its altar, was the *Crucifixion*, the Saviour extended on the cross—the thieves on each side of him—the head just bowed—and the awful "*It is finished!*" announced to the nations in frightful phenomena. The sun turned to blood, throwing a lurid and unnatural glare on the assembled multitude—the war-horses, riderless, rearing and plunging with distended nostrils—rolling in convulsions the solid mountains;—the affrighted soldiery, horror-stricken, wildly lifting their hands to ward off the toppling crag, which, torn from its foundation by the earthquake, was in another instant to grind them to powder—while the Roman centurion, with curling lip, holding tighter in his grasp the crimson flag, the "*S. P. Q. R.*" shaking fiercely in the wild wind, seemed to deride the coward Jew, even in that dread moment, with his abject slavery—and here was San Sebastian, his eyes streaming with martyr tears—and the tinkling of a small bell struck upon my ear:—boys clad

in scarlet, swung their censers to and fro, and the incense floated high above them to the vaulted arches.

A train of monks, in purple robes embroidered with white crosses, appeared in procession, slowly advancing on the tesselated pavement, bearing on tressels, covered with dark pall, a corse, by the muffled outline, of manly stature. Two female figures; grave servitors, with deep reverence supporting them, followed close the dead. The deep thunder tones of the huge organ, swept upward as they entered, wild, grand, and terrible, as if touched by no earthly hand: scarce audible sounds floating from the smallest pipes would catch the ear—then bursts, like the roaring whirlwind, pouring in the whole mass of trumpets, rolling, and rising, and falling,—the most exquisite symphonies floating in the intervals, until fainter, fainter, the heart sickened in efforts to catch its tones. Dead silence followed:—the corse was deposited in the chancel.—the dark black pall was slowly withdrawn, and the noble figure of a cavalier in the bloom of manhood, pallid in death, lay exposed before us. Clad in sable velvet, his rapier rested on his extended body, the jewelled cross-hilt reverently enclosed in his clasped hands, as they met upon his broad chest, while the luxuriant raven hair, parted on the high forehead, the dark arched eye-brow, and the glossy moustache curling on the lip, added deeper pallor, to what appeared deep, deep sleep. The servitors withdrew, and the

mother and the daughter advanced to the last sight of him that was so generous, so kind, so beautiful—their all. The thick veil, thrown hastily aside, discovered the furrowed, time-worn, grief-worn features of the mother, convulsively writhe and work, as, sinking at its head, her lips pressed in uncontrollable agony the damp cold white forehead. The sister, clad in robes of purest whiteness, her golden ringlets dishevelled and floating around her, and in their rich luxuriance, almost hiding her graceful form, bent o'er him; and as her gaze met not the answering smile of kindness and protection, to which from infancy it was wont, but the stern, calm, sharpened features, in their icy stillness; then, as with frantic sobs, her exquisitely feminine, almost childish countenance, streaming with tears, was lifted upwards, and her hands wringing with anguish, —then uttered in deep convulsive bitterness, that "*Ai Jesus!*" in smothered tones, again struck upon my startled ear. Long silence followed, unbroken save by sobs, as, sunk by its side, they embraced the still, unconscious ashes. Slowly the deep grave voices of the monks rose in solemn tones, and as their mournful chant sank into deep bass, at intervals was it taken up by a single female voice in the choir, which, high above the organ tones, with surpassing sweetness, ascended higher, higher, until every nook in the lofty arches above, appeared filled and overflowing with the rich melody: then, descending lower—lower—lower—

the imagination wildly sought it in the passing wind. The monks drew near with uplifted and extended hands, muttering in low tones their benediction; then crossing themselves, encircling the corse on bended knees, with eyes lifted up to heaven, uttered, in loud voices—

"Ora pro illo—mater miserecordiæ,"
"Salvator Hominum—Ora pro illo"——

"*Ora pro illo,*" again rose like a startled spirit from the choir, in that single female voice, rising with an intensity that made the old walls re-echo the petition—and then, descending like the fluttering of a wounded bird, it became less—less—and all was still.

After a brief interval, leaning in apparent stupor upon the arms of the affectionate retainers, the ladies slowly withdrawing, passed again the chancel's entrance, and the sacred procession raising the body with melancholy chant, bore it to the lower part of the chapel. I heard the clank of iron, as the rusty portal of the family sepulchre reluctant turned upon its hinges;—and then rested from its human journey, that corse forever. I made inquiries, but could learn nought about the actors in the scene, other than that they were strangers,—a noble family from the Havana;—that the father—invalid—had died in crossing the sea—and the usual story of Spanish love, and jealousy, and revenge, had consigned the son and brother, in the bloom of his

days, by duel, to his grave ; and subsequently, that the mother and sister had closed the history of the family, dying, broken-hearted, in the convent to which they had retired. But, here we are, at the wharf. Our rapid journey approaches now its termination. A few short hours, and we shall again be merged in the ceaseless din of the city ; the fair and tranquil face of nature change for the anxious countenances of our fellow-men ; the joyous carol of the birds, the soft forest breeze, and the sea-beach ripple, for paved streets and our daily round of duty and of labour. We have found "a world beyond Verona's walls." Perhaps at future time we may again travel it together. Till then, thanking you for your "right good and jollie" company. Farewell!

OLD TRINITY STEEPLE.

BROADWAY NEAR THE BOWLING-GREEN.

(GROUND covered with ice—Furious storm of snow and sleet. Two gentlemen becloaked and bemuffled, hurrying in different directions, come in full contact, and mutually recoiling hasten to make apology.)

"My dear Sir—a thousand pardons."—"No, indeed Sir, 'twas I—I was the offending party."—"No, I assure you—I"—eh!—is it?—it is!—my old friend the reader.—Why, my dear friend—you came upon me as if you had been discharged from a Catapult—a Paixhan shot was nothing to you? But where so fast in the fury of the storm—Not to Union Square! Heavens! Man, you will never reach there living—Why, in this horrid cold the spirits of Nova-Zembla and Mont-Blanc are dancing in ecstacy about the fountains in the Park, and the very cabs are frozen on their axles! Never think of it. Come—come with me to my rooms hard by in State-street, and on the word of a bachelor and a gentleman, I'll promise to make you comfortable. Come, take my arm—Whew! how this North-Wester sweeps around the Battery. Here we are—This is the house—A real aristocratic old mansion; is it not?—Enter, my dear friend—Run up the

stairs—Holloa! ho! Scip!—Scipio—Africanus—Angel of Darkness—come forth—come forth—Ay! here you are. And you, too, shaggy old Neptune, your eyes sparkling with delight, and your long tongue hanging out over your white teeth—down—you old rascal—down sir—down. Now, is not this snug and comfortable—a good roaring fire of hickory—none of your sullen red-hot anthracite for me. How the cold wind howls through the leafless trees upon the Battery,—Draw the curtains—Scip!—Come, bear a hand, take the reader's hat and coat. Invest him with the wadded damask dressing gown that Tom sent home from Cairo—and the Turkish slippers—So—so—Now bring me mine; place the well-stuffed easy chairs; roll the round table up between us—bring in the lights. Now, reader, at your elbow, lo! provision for your wants, material and mental—genuine old Farquhar and amber Golden Sherry—the Chateaux I got years since from Lynch; and just opened is that box of genuine Regalias, only smell! "Fabrica de Tabacos—Calle-a-Leon—En la Habana, No. 14." Is it not Arabia's perfume! Ha! give me your smoking Spaniard in his sombrero—e'er any a half-naked Bedouin of them all;—or if indeed you do prefer it, there stands the Chiboque coiled up in the corner, and the metaphysical German's meer-schaum on the shelf. There are biscuit and anchovies, and olives, "old Cheshire," and other inviting things for your wants physical, and

for your mental, lo! uncut and damp from the publishers with the regular new book smell—the North American—Old Blackwood—the Quarterly—the Edinburgh Review—Diedrich in his high back chair, the Sporting and other Maga's, and by a slight curve of thy vertebræ cervical, behold shining through yon glazed doors—glowing in gold, dross to the gold within; the great master Bard of England—Cervantes—the chosen spirits of Italia and Gaul—Irving—worthy to be called Washington—Bryant—sweet poet—and Halleck, genuine son of the voyagers in the Mayflower—and of literature much other goodly store.

Now, Scip! Lord of the Gold Coast—throw more wood upon the fire—Ay! that will do—my good old faithful servant—that will do—now take that pepper and salt head of thine down to the kitchen hearth, there to retail thy legend and goblin story, or ensconce thee in the corner at thy will—Ah! hah, old Neptune—snug in thy place upon the hearth rug—thy nose lying between thy outstretched paws as thou lookest intently in the fire—Bless thine honest heart!—thinking, I warrant me, of the beautiful child whom thou didst leap the Battery bridge to save. How bravely thou didst bear the little sufferer up on the fast rushing tide. The grateful father would have bought thee for thy weight in gold, as thou didst lie panting and half exhausted—but look not so wistfully my dog—a sack of diamonds could not purchase thee—no—never do we

part till death steps in between us—and, by my faith, an' thou goest first, thou shalt have Christian burial.

Now, dear reader, as thou reclinest comfortably in that big arm chair, thy feet in Ottoman slippers resting on the fender, the blue smoke of thy cigar wreathing and curling around thy nose, as it ascends in placid clouds, and floats in misty wreaths above thy forehead—the glass of Chateaux, like a ruby resting upon its slender stem, light, quivering at thy elbow, and that open Blackwood upon thy knee—dost not—confess it—dost not feel more kind and charitable, than if, with benumbed fingers, thou wert following a frozen visage to thy distant mansion, in the great city's far purlieus—

But, heaven guard us! how savagely the tempest roars and howls around the chimney tops—Good angels preserve the poor mariner as he ascends the ice-clad rigging—lays out upon the slippery yard—and handles with frost-benumbed fingers the rigid canvass folds. Ah! I recollect it was in just such a night as this, a few years since—years that have rolled past into retrogade eternity, that I was seated in that same arm chair, in the same bachelor independence, the fire burning just as brightly—the curtains as snugly drawn—my beautiful Flora looking down with the same sweetness from her frame above the mantel—my snow white Venus between the piers—the Gladiator stretching forth his arm in just such proud defiance from his pedestal—my Rembrandt —Claude—and Rubens flickering in softness in the fire-

light—the Fornarina and St. Cecilia with vase of incense clasped, and upturned eyes of deep devotion, hanging in the same placid stillness between their silken tassels, and that Æolian harp chiming just such wild and fitful strains—'twas in just such a cold and inhospitable night, that, sitting with my legs extended upon the fender, I fell into a train of rather melancholy musings.

The clock of St. Paul's slowly doled out the hour of midnight, and it seemed as if in the responsive, al-l'-s-w-e-l-l of the watchman, rendered indistinct by the distance, the spirit of the hour was bewailing in plaintive tones the annihilation of its being. Time's brazen voice announced to unheeding thousands—"Ye are rushing on eternity." I thought of my friends who had dropped off one by one, from around me,—youth and old age had alike sunk into the abyss of death—consumption—fever—palsy—had done their work; the slight ripple of their exit had subsided, and all was still—as quiet and as beautiful as if they had never been. Among others, was poor Louisa S——, in the prime of her youth, and the bloom of her beauty. But one short week—she was the pride of her friends, the idol of her husband;—in another, the slow toll of the village bell announced her funeral. I shall never forget the scene. The soft yellow light of the declining sun was streaming through the lofty elms which bordered the rustic grave-yard, painting their broad shadows on the velvet turf, as the procession of mourn-

ers slowly wended their way among the mounds which covered the decaying remnants of mortality Leaning upon a tomb-stone near the fresh dug grave, I had awaited its arrival. The bier was placed upon the ground—the coffin-lid was thrown open, and friends looked for the last time upon the beautiful face, pallid and sharp in death Her dark hair was parted upon her forehead,—but the dampness of death had deprived it of its lustre, and her soft eyes were closed in the slumber from whence they were never again to wake. I gazed long and painfully upon that face which appeared to repose only in serene and tranquil sleep, while the sobbing group reached forward to catch a last and parting glimpse of it in its loveliness. Oh! I could not realize that the lovely form was still forever—that those lips were to remain closed, till the day, when amid whirlwinds and fire, they were to plead her cause before the Almighty. The coffin-lid was replaced in silence—a suppressed whisper from the sexton—a harsh grating of the cords, and the gaping pit received its prey. While the clergyman in his deep and gloomy voice, was pronouncing the burial service of the dead, I looked around upon the uncovered group,—the mother and sister in unrestrained sobs, gave vent to their anguish, but the husband stood, his eyes fixed upon the grave in deep and silent agony. He moved not, but when the dead heavy clamp of earth and stones fell upon the coffin, which contained the

remains of all that was dear to him, he gave a gasp, as if he had received a death wound—but that was all; —the thick, convulsive breathing, and the swollen arteries upon his temples, showed that his was the bitterness of despair. Ere long, his wasted form beneath its own green hillock, rested at her side.

I had sat some time, thinking "of all the miseries that this world is heir to," when gradually, my room became mazy, the tongs and fender were blended into one—the fire slowly disappeared, and, to my utter horror and astonishment, I found myself swinging upon the weather-cock of Trinity Church steeple. —How I came there, I could not tell, but there I was. Far, far below me, I saw the long rows of lamps in Broadway and the adjoining streets, shining in lines of fire; while here and there the glimmer of those upon the carriages, as they rolled along, resembled the ignis fatui in their ghostly revels upon the morass. The bay lay in the distance, glittering in the moonlight, a sea of silver, the islands and fortresses like huge monsters resting upon its bosom. All nature appeared at rest. An instant, and but an instant, I gazed in wild delight upon the scene; but as the novelty vanished, the dreadful reality of my situation became apparent. I looked above me—the stars were trembling in the realms of space. I looked below, and shuddered at the distance—I tried to believe that I was in a dream—but that relief was denied me.

I grew wild with fear—I madly called for help—I screamed—I yelled in desperation. Alas! my voice could not be heard one half the distance to earth. I called on angels—Heaven, to assist me,—but the cold wind alone answered, as it rushed around the steeple in its whistle of contempt. As my animal spirits were exhausted, I became more calm. I perceived that the slender iron upon which the weather-cock was fixed was slowly bending with the weight of my body, already benumbed with cold. Although it was madness, I ventured a descent. Moving with extreme caution, I clasped the spire in my arms—I slid down inch by inch. The cold sweat poured off my brow, and the blood curdling in my veins, rushed back in thick and suffocating throbs upon my heart. I grasped the steeple tighter in my agony—my nails were clenched in the wood—but in vain; slip—slip—the steeple enlarged as I descended—my hold relaxed—the flat palms of my hands pressed the sides, as I slid down with frightful rapidity. Could I but catch the ledge below! I succeeded—I clutched it in my bleeding fingers—for a moment I thought that I was safe, but I swung over the immense height in an instant; the wind dashed me from side to side like a feather. I strove to touch the sides of the steeple with my knees —I could not reach it—my strength began to fail—I felt the muscles of my fingers growing weaker. The blackness of despair came over me. My fingers slid

from the ledge—down—down I plunged—one dash upon the roof, and I was stretched motionless upon the pavement.

A crowd collected around me. I heard them commisserating my fate. They looked at me, and then at the steeple, as if measuring the distance from whence I had fallen; but they offered me no assistance. They dispersed—I slowly raised myself on my feet—all was cold and still as the grave. Regions of ice—an immense transparent mirror, extended on every side around me. The cold, smooth plain, was only measured by the horizon. I found myself on skates;—I rushed along, outstripping the winds,—I ascended mountains of ice,—I descended like a meteor—Russia, with her frozen torrents,—Siberia with its eternal snows, were behind me,—miles and degrees were nothing—on I rushed,—Iceland vanished,—with the speed of a thunderbolt I passed Spitzbergen,—days, weeks expired, but still I sped forward, without fatigue, without exhaustion. How delightfluly I glided along—no effort—no exertion—all was still, cold, and brilliant. I neared the pole,—the explorers were slowly wending their tedious way,—they hailed me, but I could not stop,—I was out of sight in an instant. I saw an immense object swinging to and fro in the distance—it was the great and mighty pendulum. As I neared it, a confused noise of voices broke upon my ear,—mathematical terms echoed and re-echoed each other, like the hum of a bee-hive. I was

surrounded with winged chronometers, barometers and magnets—plus, (+) minus (−) and the roots ($\surd$ $\surd$) were flying around me in every direction, jostling each other without mercy. Great long-legged compasses with knowing look were gravely listening to the measured tick of prim chronometers, and groups of angles and parallelograms watched the variations of the needle. Every instrument of science appeared collected in solemn conclave, for great and mighty purpose,—but soon all was hubbub and confusion. The compasses and Gunther's scale had come to blows. Angles and triangles, oblongs and cones, formed a ring around them. Little cylinders and circles came rolling in from every quarter to see the fun, and bottle-holding squares and cubes stood stoutly at their champions' sides, while electric jars mounted on a neighbouring dial, in highest glee, spirited forth whole streams of snapping sparks to incite them in the contest. The scale was down, and the compass bestrode him in proud defiance ; but the bottle-holders interfering, all was instant uproar and confusion, and the fight soon became one common melée. Pins flew about, and springs and wheels went whizzing through the throng, but amid the tumult, suddenly appeared a huge electrical machine, grinding wrathfully along, and soon the field was cleared, and nought was seen save here and there some limping figure hobbling off in desperate precipitation. But amid the uproar, the giant pendulum still

swung forward and backward with the noiseless motion of the incubus ;—I neared it and saw that the top of the huge rod was riveted by the pole star, which shone with the intensity of the diamond. But—but—

I saw the ship approaching among the distant icebergs—the great lordly icebergs,—how they rolled and roared and ground against each other in the heavy surge!—their huge sides now shining great sheets of silver—now glancing with the deep blue of the precious sapphire, now quivering in the sun's rays, with all the hues of the grass-green emerald and blazing ruby,—ha! I saw her—I saw the gallant ship threading her way among them, as their castellated sides towered mountain-like above her. I made one spring—one gallant spring—and catching by her top-mast, slid down in safety to her decks. Her sails were spread widely to the winds and recklessly we ploughed our course onward through the icy flood ;—but now her speed diminished—now we scarcely moved. The rudder creaked lazily from side to side, and the long pennant supinely resting on the shrouds, languidly lifted itself as if to peer into the dark flood, and then serpent-like, settled itself again to its repose. A sullen distant roar began to break upon my ear,—it increased,—our before quiet bark, hastening, rushed onwards as if ashamed of her dull reverie ; but still there was no wind—the sea was smooth and placid, but the swelling surge was thrown forward from her bows, by the increasing velo-

city with which we dashed along. The rushing noise of waters increased, and sounded like distant thunder; the white surges showed themselves in the distance, leaping and jumping with frightful violence. I approached the captain;—his gloomy brow—the ghastly paleness of the crew, as with folded arms they stood looking in the distance, alarmed me. I eagerly asked the cause of the appearances before me,—he answered not,—he stood immoveable as a statue:—but, in a cold unearthly voice, a scar-marked sailor groaned, "We are food for the Maelstroom!"—Can we not, I franticly exclaimed—oh! can we not escape? Bend every sail—ply every oar,—"Too late—too late," echoed again the gloomy voice—"our doom is sealed;"—and the finger of the speaker pointed to a dark fiendish figure at the helm, who, with a low hellish laugh, was steering for the midst. The raging waves boiled and roared around us,—our fated ship plunged forward—a steady resistless power sucked us in,—on we were hurried to our frightful goal. The whale—the leviathan, swept by us—their immense bodies were thrown almost entirely in the air,—their blood stained the foaming brine—they roared like mad bulls. The zigzag lightning in the black canopy above us, was reflected in fiery showers from the spray—the crashing thunder mingled with the yells of the struggling monsters—their efforts were vain—more power had infants in giants' hands,—the devouring whirlpool claimed us for its own. On

we were borne in unresisting weakness—faster and faster,—circle after circle disappeared,—we were on the edge of the furious watery tunnel,—we were buried in its depths,—the long arms of the loathsome polypi stretched forward to seize us in their foul embrace—but an unseen hand raised me.

Green woods—gardens, fountains, and grottoes were around me. Beautiful flowers—roses—hyacinths, and lilies clustering in immense beds, covered the ground with one great gem'd and emerald carpet. The gorgeous tulip, the amaranthus and moss rose vied with each other in fragrant rivalry, and the modest little violet, claimed protection in the embraces of the myrtle. Fountains poured mimic cataracts into their marble basins, or, spouting from the mouths of sphinxes and lions, ascended in crystal streams, irrigating with copious showers the party-coloured beds beneath. The long vistas were shaded with the magnolia and flowering almond, while snow-white statues watched the beautiful picture of happiness around. Birds of variegated colour and splendid plumage were flying from tree to tree, and it appeared as if in their sweet notes, and the fragrance of the flowers, nature was offering up her incense to the Creator.

I was invigorated with new life—I ran from alley to alley—delicious fruits tempted my taste—the perfumes of Arabia floated in the earthly paradise,—music floated around,—trains of beautiful girls moved in graceful

ballets before me,—their slender forms were clad in snow-white robes,—their girdles gemmed with diamonds—their alabaster necks twined with wreaths of roses.—A joyous laugh burst from them, as they danced—now in circles—now advancing—now retreating. The circle opened,—a veiled figure was in the midst,—I approached—the fairies disappeared,—the veil was slowly lifted,—one moment—my Cora! —we were alone,—we wandered from bower to bower—her small white hand with electric touch, was within my delighted grasp,—her golden ringlets mingled with my raven locks—her dark eyes melted into mine. I fell upon my knee—a cold and grizzly skeleton met my embrace—the groups of houris were changed into bands of shrivelled hags;—in place of wreaths of roses, their shrivelled necks were covered with the deadly nightshade and dark mandragora—forked adders and serpents twined upon their long and bony arms,—I shuddered,—I was chained in horror to the spot,—they seized me—they dragged me downward to the dank and noisome vault.—'Twas light as day—but 'twas a strange light—a greenish haze—sickly and poisonous as if the deadly miasma of the fens had turned to flame. The dead men with burning lamps were sitting on their coffins,—their chins resting upon their drawn up knees, and as I passed along the extended rows, their eyes all turned and followed me, as the eyes of portraits from the canvass.

Ha! what cadaverous unearthly stare met me at every turn;—I looked on all sides to avoid them, but still, where'er I turned, the ghastly muffled faces with their blanched lips, and deep sunken eyes livid in their sockets, surveyed me with frightful interest,—and that fierce old hag—how she preceded me—step by step—her finger pointing forward, while her Medusa head was turned triumphantly over her shoulder, with its infernal leer upon my cowering form.—Worlds would I have given to have been out from among the ghastly crew—but a spell was on me—and I hurriedly made the circuit of the vault, like a wild beast in his cage. But the old knight, sitting grim and ghastly as if by constraint, in the lone corner, his long grizzly beard flowing o'er his winding-sheet,—O! how his cold grey eye glanced at his long two handed sword before him, as I passed, as if to clutch it,—I plucked the old grey beard for very ire—ha! what a malignant and discordant yell did then salute my horror-struck senses,—I gave one bound of terror—and burst the prison door—and—and—

My noble white charger leaped clear of the earth, as he felt my weight in the saddle,—I was at the head of an immense army—my bold cuirassiers formed a moving mass of iron around me. The bugle sounded the signal for engagement;—peal after peal of musketry flashed from the dark masses,—the rattling reverberating roar rolled from right to left,—the gaping

throats of the cannon, announced in broad flashes, the departure of their messengers upon the journey of death. On we rushed—battalion on battalion,—we stormed the redoubt,—"Charge," I shouted,—"Charge the villains—men of the fifth legion—follow your leader—hurrah—they bear back."—I siezed the standard from a fallen soldier,—I planted it upon the blood-stained parapet—horrible confusion!—the trenches were choked with dead—Hah! brave comrade beware!—his bayonet is at thy shoulder—'tis buried in thy heart.—I will revenge thee,!—I dashed upon him,—we fought like tigers,—we rolled upon the ground,—I seized my dagger—the bright steel glittered—thousands of deep hoarse voices wildly roared—"The mine—the mine—beware—beware!" Flash—roar—bodies—earth—rocks—horses—tumbrils,—all descending, covered me—and—and

I awoke—the fender and fire-irons upset with horrid din and clatter—the table, its lights and tea-set hurled around—and myself with might and main striving with mighty effort to get from beneath the prostrate wreck which in my terror I had dragged above me.—Old Neptune, aghast, howling in consternation, from the corner, while a group of fellow-boarders, half dead with laughter and amazement, were staring through the open door in wonder at such unusual uproar from the lodger in quiet "No. VI."

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

But hark! Old Scipio is fast asleep and snoring like Falstaff behind the arras. Now that old negro is as assuredly dreaming of witches, or wrecks, or pirates, or ghosts, that have been seen flitting about the burying-grounds and country church-yards at midnight, as he sits there. He is somewhere between eighty and one hundred, he does not exactly know which; but as your negro keeps no family record, it is safe to allow a lee-way of some ten years in the calculation of his nativity. Of his genealogy though, he is quite sure, for he proves beyond a doubt, that he is the son of Job, who was the son of Pomp, who was the son of Caleb, who was the son of Cæsar, who was the son of Cudjoe, who was caught in Africa. His whole life has been passed in and about the shores of Long Island Sound, and he is not only a veritable chronicle of the military adventures that have been enacted upon its borders in the American wars, but his head is a complete storehouse, stuffed to overflowing with all sorts of legendary lore, of wrecks, of pirates, of murders and fights, and deeds unholy—of massacres, bombardments and burnings, all jumbled up in such inexplicable confusion, history and legend,

truth and fiction, that it is almost impossible to divide the one from the other. Sometimes in the cold winter nights, when the storm is howling, as it does now, I put him upon the track, and upon my word, the influence of his gossip told in drowsy under tone is such, that I find it a matter of serious question, whether the most monstrous things in the way of the supernatural, are by any means matter of wonderment; and fully concede, that men may have been seen walking about with their heads under their arms, vanishing in smoke upon being addressed—that old fishermen have sculled about the creeks and bays in their coffins, after they were dead and buried—that gibbets are of necessity surrounded by ghosts, and that prophecies and predictions, and witchcraft are, and must be true as holy writ.

Indeed, with all the sad realities of life about me, I find it refreshing to have my soul let loose occasionally, to wander forth, to frolic and gambol, and stare, without any conventional rule, or let, or hindrance to restrain it. In how many adventures has that good old negro, quietly sleeping in the corner, been my guide and pilot. In our shooting, and fishing and sailing excursions, the shores of the Sound became as familiar to us as our own firesides, and the dark black rocks, with their round and kelp covered sides as the faces of old friends and acquaintance.

At a little village upon its western borders I passed

my school-boy days, and there it was that the old negro, formerly a slave, but long liberated and in part supported by my family, had his hut. There it was that under his influence I thoroughly contracted the love of adventure which, in the retrospect still throws a sort of world of my own around me. All sport, whether in winter or summer, night or day, rain or shine, was alike to me the same, and sooth to say, if sundry floggings, for truant days had been administered to Old Scip instead of me, the scale of justice had not unduly preponderated; for his boats, and rods, and nets, to say nothing of his musket which had belonged to a Hessian, and the long bell-mouthed French fusee were always sedulously and invitingly placed at my control. The old negro was sure to meet me as I bounded from the school-room with advice of how the tides would serve, and how the game would lie, and his words winding up his information in a low confidential under-tone still ring upon my ear, "P'rhaps young massa like to go wid old nigger."

His snug little hut down at the Creek side was covered and patched and thatched with all the experiments of years to add to its warmth and comfort. Its gables and chimney surmounted with little weathercocks and windmills spinning most furiously at every whiff of wind, its sides covered with muskrat and loon skins nailed up to dry, and fishing rods and spears of all sizes and dimensions piled against them, the ducks

and geese paddling about the threshhold and his great fat hog grunting in loving proximity to the door-way, while its interior was garnished with pots and kettles, and other culinary utensils; the trusty old musket hanging on its hooks above the chimney place; the fish nets and bird decoys lying in the corners, and the white-washed walls garnished and covered with pictures, and coloured prints of the most negro taste indigo and scarlet,—naval fights—men hanging on gibbets,—monstrous apparitions which had been seen—lamentable ballads, and old Satan himself in veritable semblance, tail, horns and claws, precisely as he had appeared in the year Anno Domini, 1763; and under the little square mahogany framed fly specked looking-glass, his Satanic Majesty again in full scarlet uniform as British Colonel with a party of ladies and gentlemen playing cards, his tail quietly curled around one of the legs of his arm chair, and the horse hoof ill disguised by the great rose upon his shoe. But Scip' was safe against all such diabolic influence, for he had the charmed horse shoe firmly nailed over the entrance of his door.

Oh! how often have I silently climbed out of my window and stealthily crept down the ladder which passed it, long and long before the dawn, with my fowling piece upon my shoulder, and by the fitful moonlight wended, half scared, my way through the rustic roads and lanes, leaping the fences, saturated to the middle with the night-dew from the long wet grass, the stars twinkling

in the heavens, as the wild scudding clouds passed o'er them, and nothing to break the perfect stillness. How often at such times have I stopped and stared at some suspicious object looming up before me, till, mustering courage, I have cocked my piece and advancing at a trail, discovered in the object of my terror, a dozing horse, or patient ox, or cow quietly ruminating at the road side.

How often have I sprung suddenly aside, my hair standing on end, as a steal thy fox or prowling dog rushed by me into the bushes, and felt my blood tingle to my very fingers' ends, as some bird of prey raised himself with an uneasy scream and settled again upon the tree tops, as I passed beneath. How I used to screw my courage up, as with long strides and studiously averted eyes, I hurried past the dreaded grave yard; and as I came upon the borders of the winding creek, and walked splashing through its ponds and shallows, how would I crouch and scan through the dim light to catch a glimpse of some stray flock of ducks or teal, that might be feeding upon its sedges. How would I bend and stoop as I saw them delightfully huddled in a cluster, till getting near I would find an envious bend of long distance to be measured before I could get a shot. How patiently would I creep along—and stop—and crouch—and stop, till getting near, and nearer—a sudden slump into some unseen bog or ditch would be followed by a quick "quack"—"quack"—and off they'd

go—far out of reach of shot or call. But all would be forgotten when I reached the old Negro's hut. There a hot corn cake and broiled fish or bird, was always on the coals to stay my appetite—and then off we'd sally to the Bar to lie in wait for the wild fowl as they came over it at day break. The snipe in little clouds would start up with their sharp "pewhit" before us, as we measured the broad hard flats left damp and smooth by the receding tide; the Kildare with querulous cry would wing away his flight, and the great gaunt cranes, looming, spectre-like, in the moonlight, sluggishly stalking onwards, would clumsily lift their long legs in silence as we advanced, and fan themselves a little farther from our proximity.

Arriving, we would lay ourselves down, and on the stones await the breaking of the dawn, when the wild-fowl feeding within the bay arise and fly to the southward over it. Dark objects, one after another, would glide by us, and in silence take their places along the bar, bent on the same sport that we were awaiting, and nothing would break the stillness save the gentle wash and ripple of the waves upon the sands, or the uneasy and discordant cry of the oldwives, feeding on the long sedge within the wide-extended bay. The stars would ere long begin to fade, the east grow grey, then streaked with light, and every sportsman's piece be cocked with eager expectation. A flash—a puff of smoke at the extreme end, showed that a flock had

risen, and simultaneously birds would be seen tumbling headlong. As the astonished flock glanced along the bar—flash—flash—puff—bang, would meet them, their numbers thinning at each discharge, till passing along the whole line of sportsmen, they would be almost annihilated; or wildly dashing through some wider interval in the chain of gunners, they would cross the bar and escape in safety. Then as the light increased followed the excitement; the birds getting up in dense flocks, all bent in one direction, a complete feu-de-joie saluted them—flash—flash—flash—the reports creeping slowly after, the wild-fowl tumbling headlong, some into the water, and some upon the sportsmen; while here a gunner, dropping his piece, might be seen rushing in up to his neck recklessly after his victim, and there some staunch dog's nose just above the surface, unweariedly pursuing the wing-broken sufferer, which still fluttered forward at his near approach. Ah, ha! that—that was sport. Hundreds of wild-fowl, from the little graceful teal to the great fishy loon and red-head brant, were the fruits of the morning's adventure. And what a contrast the sparkling eyes and glowing faces of the elated sportsmen to the city's pale and care-worn countenances. They were a true democracy, white man, and black, and half-breed, the squire and the ploughman, all met in like equality.

Among the sportsmen on the bar at the season that

I have just described, there was always found a tall, gaunt, and extremely taciturn old Indian, who passed among the people by the name of "Pequot." His hut was about a mile beyond Scipio's, on the same creek, and like him, he obtained his support mainly by the fruits of his hunting and fishing. Now and then, in the harvest, or when the game was scarce, he would assist the farmers in their lighter work, receiving, with neither thanks nor stipulation, such recompense as they saw fit to make; and sometimes, in the cold depths of winter, he would appear, and silently sitting at their firesides, receive, as a sort of right, his trencher at their tables. He was so kind in his assistance, and so inoffensive to all around him, that he was always sure of welcome. But there was a marked feature in his character, and one most unusual to the Indian's nature, which was his dislike, almost to loathing, of ardent spirits. He was a great deal at Scipio's hut, and I was strongly struck (boy as I was) with the harmony which subsisted between two characters so apparently dissimilar—the sullen, almost haughty Indian, and the light-hearted, laughter-loving negro; but there was a sort of common sympathy—of oppression, I suppose—between them, for they always assisted one another; and sometimes I have known them gone for days together in their fishing expeditions on the Sound. All the information that Scipio could give me about him, was that he had been the same ever since he had

known him, that he was supposed to have come in from some of the Western tribes, and that from his haunting a great deal about a neighbouring swamp, where the gallant tribe of Pequots had, long years before, been massacred by fire and sword, the people had given him the name of Pequot. Whatever he was, he was a noble old Indian; the poetry of the character was left, while contact with the whites, and the kind teachings of the Moravians had hewn away the sterner features of the savage. I remember that I used to look at him, with all a boy's enthusiasm, admiring him with a mingled sense of sympathy and awe. Even old Scip showed him habitual deference, for there was a melancholy dignity about him; and his words, short and sententious, were delivered with scrupulous exactness. I recollect once being completely taken aback by the display of a sudden burst of feeling, which completely let me into his ideal claims and imaginary pretensions.

There was a good-natured old Indian, by the name of Pamanack, belonging to one of the tribes which still clung to Long Island, in the vicinity of Montaukett, who occasionally made his appearance off old Scip's hut, in the Sound, in his periogue, accompanied by some half dozen long-legged, straight-haired, copper-coloured youths, his descendants. They every now and then came cruising along the various fishing-grounds, and always, when in the vicinity of Scip, the

old Indian would pay him a visit, and receive a return for the hospitality paid to the black man, when, in his similar excursions, he got as far eastward as Montaukett. On the particular occasion to which I have alluded, old Pamanack had drank more than was good for him, when the Pequot presented himself silently at the door of Scipio's hut, and leaning upon his long ducking-gun, looked in upon the group. After a few words of recognition passed between them, Pamanack held out his black bottle, and invited the visiter to drink. Pequot drew himself up to his extreme height, and for a moment there was a mingled expression of loathing, abhorrence, and ferocity, flashing from his countenance that showed that his whole Indian's nature was in a blaze; but it was only momentary, for in another, the expression vanished from his countenance, the habitual melancholy resumed its place upon his features, and the words fell slowly, almost musically, from his lips:—"The fire water—the fire water—ay, the same—the Indian and his deadly enemy." Then looking steadily at Pamanack, as he held the bottle still towards him:—"Pequot will not drink. Why should Pamanack swallow the white man's poison, and with his own hands dig his grave?

"Pamanack is not alone! His squaw watches at the door of his wigwam, as she looks out upon the long waves of the ocean tumbling in upon the shores of Montaukett. His young men gather about him and catch the tautug from its huge

beetling rocks, and tread out the quahog from its muddy bed. His old men still linger on the sandy beach, and their scalp-locks float wildly in the fresh sea-breeze. Pamanack has yet a home :—but Pequot—he is the last of his race. He stands on the high hills of Tashaway, and he sees no smoke but that from the wigwams of the Long Knives. He moves in silence along the plains of Pequonnuck,—but the fences of the pale faces obstruct his progress. His canoe dances at the side of the dripping rocks,—but the cheating white men paddle up to his side. His feet sink in the ploughed field,—but it is not the corn of the red man. His squaw has rolled her last log, and lies cold in her blanket. His young men,—the fire water and fire dust have consumed them. Pequot looks around for his people—where are they? The black snake and muskrat shoot through the water as his moccasin treads the swamp, where their bones lie, deep covered from the hate of their enemies. Pequot is the last of his race ! Pamanack is good, but the heart of Pequot is heavy. He cannot drink the fire water, for his young men have sunk from its deadly poison, as the mist-wreath in the midday sun. The good Moravians have told him that it is bad—and Pequot will drink no more—for his race is nearly run. Pequot will sit on the high rocks of Sasco, and his robe shall fall from his shoulders as his broad chest waits the death-arrow of the Great Spirit. There will he sit and smoke in

silence as he looks down upon the deserted hunting-grounds of his fathers. Pequot's heart is heavy,—Pequot will not drink." As he finished the last words, he abruptly turned, and was soon far distant on the sands, moving towards the high hill of which he had spoken. The Great Spirit was kind to him, for a few years after he was found stark and stiff, frozen to death on the very rocks to which he had alluded. As for old Pamanack, he did not appear to hold the fire water in such utter abhorrence; for, taking a long swig at the bottle, his eye following the retiring form of the Pequot, he slowly muttered, "Nigger drink—white man drink—why no Indian drink too?"

But the Sound! the Sound! Oh! how many delightful reminiscences does the name bring to my recollection. The Sound! with its white sand banks, and its wooded shores—its far broad bosom, covered with fleets of sails scudding along in the swift breeze in the open day, and its dark waves rolling and sweeping in whole streams of phosphorescent fire from their plunging bows as they dash through it in the darkness of midnight. The Sound! redolent with military story. The Sound! overflowing with supernatural legend and antiquated history. Oh! reader, if you had been cruising along its shores from infancy, as I have, if you had grown up among its legends, and luxuriated in its wild associations,—if you had spent whole days on its broad sand beaches, watching the gulls as they

sailed above you, or the snipe as they ran along on the smooth hard flats,—if you had lain on the white frozen snows on its shore in the still nights of mid-winter, your gun by your side, gazing till your soul was lost in the blue spangled vault, as it hung in serene and tranquil grandeur above you, your mind, in unconscious adoration, breathing whole volumes of gratitude and admiration to the great God that gave you faculties to enjoy its sublimity; and in the stillness, unbroken save by the cry of the loon as he raised himself from the smooth water, seen in every sail moving in silence between you and the horizon the "Phantom Ship," or some daring bucaneer, and in every distant splash heard a deed of darkness and mystery, then could you enter into my feelings.

Oh! to me its black rocks and promontories, and islands, are as familiar as the faces of a family. Are there not the "Brothers," unnatural that they are, who, living centuries together, never to one another have as yet spoken a kindly word,—and the great savage "Executioners," and "Throgs," and "Sands," and "Etons," all throwing hospitable lights from their high beacon towers, far forward, to guide the wandering mariner; and the "Devil's Stepping-stones," o'er which he bounded when driven from Connecticut; and the great rocks too, inside of Flushing bay on which he descended, shivering them from top to bottom as he fell. And are there not the "Norwalk Islands," with their pines—"Old Sasco," with her

rocks,—"Fairweather," with the wild bird's eggs deep buried in her sands,—and the far-famed fishing-banks off the "Middle ground." Ay! and is it not from the fierce boiling whirlpools of the "Gate" "to Gardiners," and the lone beacon tower of "Old Montaukett," one continuous ground of thrilling lore and bold adventure. In her waters the "Fire ship" glared amid the darkness, her phantom crew, like red hot statues, standing at their quarters, as rushing onwards, in the furious storm, she passed the shuddering mariner, leaving, comet like, long streams of flame behind. Beneath her sands the red-shirted bucaneers did hide their ill-gotten, blood-bespotted treasure. Ay! and 'twas on her broad bosom that, with iron-seared conscience sailed that pirate, fierce and bold, old Robert Kidd; and to this very day his golden hoards, with magic mark and sign, still crowd her wooded shores.

Hah! ha! how, were he waking, old Scipio's eyes would upward roll their whites, if he did but hear that name so dread and grim. If, from very eagerness, he could utter forth his words, he would give whole chapters—ay—one from his own family history—for Kidd's men caught old Cudjoe, his great ancestor, clamming on the beach off Sasco, and without more ado carried him aboard. As the old negro was sulky, they tumbled his well-filled basket into the galley's tank, and incontinently were about to run him up to dangle at their long yard-arm, when Kidd, who was

taking his morning "drink of tobacco" on his poop, roared out, in voice of thunder, "Ho! Scroggs—boatswain—dost hang a black-a-moor at my yard-arm, where so many gentlemen have danced on nothing?—In the foul devil's name, scuttle the goggled-eyed fiend to the sharks overboard,"—and overboard he went, but diving like a duck, he escaped their firelocks' quick discharge, and reached the shore in safety.

Ay! and his deep-buried treasures! Where went the gold dust from the coast of Guinea?—the gems from Madagascar?—where the dollars and doubloons pirated from the Spanish galleons?—the broken plate and crucifixes from the shores of Panama?—and where the good yellow gold, stamped with the visage of his most gracious majesty?—where! where, but on the haunted borders of this very Sound. Why, the very school-boys, playing in the woods upon its shores, know when the earth doth hollow sound beneath their feet, that Kidd's treasure 's buried there. Do they disturb it? No—not they—they know too well the fierce and restless spirit that guards the iron pot. Didst ever hear the brave old ballad—"*As he sail'd, as he sail'd?*" It's a glorious old ballad—it's a true old ballad—and a time-honoured old ballad—it gives his veritable history. It has been printed in black letter, and sung time out of mind. It has been chanted by the old tars in sultry calms of the tropics, and the greasy whalers have kept time to it over their trying kettles on the

smooth Pacific. It has been sung amid the icebergs of Greenland, and heard on the coast of New Holland; the spicy breezes of Ceylon have borne it among the sleeping tigers in their jungles, and the Hottentots have pulled tighter their breech-cloths as they have listened to its tones. The Chinese, and the Turks, and the Dutchmen, and the Danes, and every thing human within the smell of salt water, have heard it,—ay! and that too in the rich manly tones of the English and American sailors. Ho! Scip!—wake from out thy corner, and give us the old ballad. Shades of red-capped bucaneers!—fierce negro slavers!—spirits of the gallant men who fought the British on her shores! —desperate old Kidd in person!—we conjure you—we conjure you—arise and hover around us, whilst we chaunt the lay. Ho! Scipio!—the old ballad, as it stood smoke-blacked, and grimed upon thy cabin's walls—ay! that is it—and in tones which chimed well in unison with the dreary storm and howling blast without.

"YE LAMENTABLE BALLAD, AND YE TRUE HISTORIE OF CAPTAINE ROBERT KIDD, WHO WAS HANGED IN CHAINS AT EXECUTION DOCK, FOR PIRACY AND MURDER ON YE HIGH SEAS."

He calleth upon the captains:

You captains bold and brave, hear our cries, hear our cries,
You captains bold and brave, hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold, tho' you seem uncontroll'd,
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls, lose your souls,
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls.

He stateth his name and acknowledgeth his wickedness:

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.

He beareth witness to the good counsel of his parents:

My parents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well to shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebell'd when I sail'd.

He curseth his father and his mother dear:

I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear and her that did me bear,
And so wickedly did swear, when I sail'd.

And blaspheneth against God:

I made a solemn vow when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow, to God I would not bow,
Nor myself one prayer allow, as I sail'd.

He burieth the Good Book in the sand:

I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd,
I'd a Bible in my hand by my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.

And murdereth William Moore:

I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd,
I murdered William Moore, and left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore as I sail'd.

And also cruelly killeth the gunner.

And being cruel still, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
And his precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.

His mate, being about to die, repenteth and warneth him in his career.

My mate was sick and died as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died, which me much terrified,
When he called me to his bedside as I sail'd.

And unto me he did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did say see me die,
And unto me did say, take warning now by me,
There comes a reckoning day, you must die.

You cannot then withstand, when you die, when you die,
You cannot then withstand when you die,
You cannot then withstand the judgments of God's hand,
But bound then in iron bands, you must die.

He falleth sick, and promiseth repentance, but forgetteth his vows.

I was sick and nigh to death, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I was sick and nigh to death as I sail'd,
And I was sick and nigh to death, and I vowed at every breath
To walk in wisdom's ways as I sail'd.

I thought I was undone as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I thought I was undone as I sail'd,
I thought I was undone and my wicked glass had run,
But health did soon return as I sail'd.

My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd,
My repentance lasted not, my vows I soon forgot,
Damnation's my just lot, as I sail'd.

He steereth thro' *Long Island* and other Sounds.

I steer'd from Sound to Sound, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I steer'd from Sound to Sound, as I sail'd,
I steer'd from Sound to Sound, and many ships I found
And most of them I burn'd as I sail'd.

He chaseth three ships of France.

I spy'd three ships from France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships from France, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships from France, to them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sail'd.

And also three ships of Spain.

I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of Spain as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of Spain, I fired on them amain,
Till most of them were slain, as I sail'd.

He boasteth of his treasure

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd,
I'd ninety bars of gold, and dollars manifold,
With riches uncontroll'd, as I sail'd.

He spyeth fourteen ships in pursuit, and surrendereth.

Then fourteen ships I saw, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I saw as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I saw and brave men they are,
Ah! they were too much for me as I sail'd.

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last, and into prison cast,
And sentence being pass'd, I must die

He biddeth farewell to the seas, and the raging main

Farewell the raging sea, I must die, I must die,
Farewell the raging main, I must die,
Farewell the raging main, to Turkey, France, and Spain,
I ne'er shall see you again, I must die.

He exhorteth the young and old to take counsel from his fate.

To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die, and must die,
To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die,
To Newgate I am cast, with a sad and heavy heart,
To receive my just desert, I must die.

To Execution Dock I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock I must go,
To Execution Dock will many thousands flock,
But I must bear the shock, I must die.

Come all you young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come all young and old, see me die,
Come all you young and old, you're welcome to my gold,
For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

And declareth that he must go to hell, and be punished for his wickedness.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, and shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die.

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY.

[To the untiring exertions of Major D. B. Douglass, Messrs. Joseph A. Perry, Henry E. Pierrepont, Gerrit G. Van Wagenen, and a few other liberal minded gentlemen, the public are indebted for the design and completion of this beautiful place of repose for the dead. It is anticipated that ten miles of avenue will be completed during the coming summer, and when the whole is laid out, according to the proposed plan, that there will be fifteen miles of picturesque road within its precincts. Part of the battle of Long Island in the Revolution was fought upon its grounds, and it is intended at no distant day, to remove the remains of those that perished in the Prison Ships to the Cemetery, where they will sleep undisturbed beneath an appropriate monument. The views from Mount Washington, and other eminences, within its precincts, embrace the entire bay and harbour of New-York, with their islands and forts: the cities of New-York and Brooklyn; the shores of the North and East Rivers; New-Jersey, Staten Island, the Quarantine; unnumbered towns and villages sprinkled over the wide expanse of the surrounding country, and the margin of the broad Atlantic, from Sandy Hook, to a distance far beyond the Rockaway Pavilion. The fine old forest which covers the greater part of the grounds, shrouding and almost concealing from sight, several beautiful lakes and sheets of water suggested the name, with which it has been consecrated, the Green-Wood Cemetery.]

WHERE, THEN, IS DEATH!—and my own voice startled me from my reverie as, leaning on my saddle-

bow on the summit of Mount Washington in the Green-wood Cemetery, I asked—*Where, then, is death!* The golden sun of a delicious summer's afternoon was streaming o'er the undulating hills of Staten Island lighting more brilliantly the snow-white villas and emerald lawns:—the Lazaretto—its fleet gay with the flags of all the nations, was nestling like a fairy city at its feet:—the noble bay before me was one great polished mirror—motionless vessels with white sails and drooping pennants, resting on its surface, like souls upon the ocean of Eternity, and every thing around was bright and still and beautiful as I asked myself the question—*Where, then, is death!*

The islands with their military works lay calm and motionless upon the waters—the grim artillery, like sleeping tigers crouched upon the ramparts and the castle's walls—but the glistening of the sentry's polished musket, and the sudden clamorous roll of drums showed me, that—*not there was death.*

I turned.—The great fierce city extending as far as eye could reach—the sky fretted with her turrets and her spires—her thousand smokes rising and mingling with the o'erhanging clouds;—as she rose above her bed of waters, with hoarse continuous roar, cried to me—"*Look not her, not here—for death!*" Her sister city, with her towers and cupolas—her grassy esplanades surmounted with verdant trees and far extending colonnades embowered in shrubbery,—from

her high terraced walls, re-echoed the hollow roar—"*Not here for death!*"

The island lay extended far before me—its farms and towns—its modest spires—its granaries—its verdant meadows—its rich cultivated fields—its woods—its lawns—all wrapped in silence, but still its whisper softly reached me—"*Not here—not here—is death!*"—E'en the great distant ocean, closed only from my view by the far-reaching horizon, in sullen continuous murmurs moaned—"*Not here is death!*"

Where, then, I cried—*where, then, is death?* I looked above me, and the blue vault hung pure and motionless—light fleecy clouds like angels on their journeys, alone resting on its cerulean tint,—around, the evening breeze played calm and gently,—and beneath the flowers and leaves were quivering with delight, while the incessant hum of insect life, arising from the earth with ceaseless voice, still cried—"*No—no—not here is death!*"

Ah! said I, this beautiful world shall be forever, and there is—there is no death—but even as I spoke, a warning voice struck with deep solemnity upon my startled ear,—"Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."—And as I turned, the funeral procession—its minister and its mourners passed onward in their journey with the silent dead.

I looked after the retiring group, and again from beyond the coppice which intervened, heard rising in the same deep solemn tones,—"Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours," —and my soul cowered within itself like a guilty thing, as it said—Amen.

I looked again upon the scene before me and sighed,—e'en such is human reason. That gorgeous sun shall set—the gay villas and verdant lawns,—the crowded shipping,—the beautiful bay with all that rest upon its bosom, shall soon be wrapt in darkness,—the gleaming watch-light disappear from yon tall battlement, as the bugle sounds its warning note, —the great fierce city be stilled in silence, while the beating hearts within her midnight shroud, like seconds, answer her tolling bells upon the dial of eternity,—and the insect myriads—the flowers and leaves —ay!—the great heavens themselves, shall from the darkness cry—"*This is the portraiture of death!*"— for the darkness and the silence are all that man can realize of death.

The hardy Northman with trembling finger points to the mouldering frame work of humanity, and shudders as he cries—"*Lo! there is death!*"—and the polished Greek smiles delightedly on the faultless statue of the lovely woman with the infant sleeping on her breast, as he also cries—"*Lo! there is death!*"—yet both alike with reverence do lay their final offering before

his gloomy shrine.—The squalid Esquimaux scoops out the cavern in the never melting snows, for the frozen form whose conflicts with the grizzly bear and shuddering cold are done—and the mild Hindoo, with affection, feeds the funeral pyre, and as the fragrant column does arise, cries—"Soul of my brother—immortal soul, ascend!"—The red man, in the far distant prairie's lonely wilds, pillows the head of the warrior-chief upon his slain desert steed within its mound, while the bronzed pioneer, throwing aside his axe and rifle, hastily dashes away the tear as he inhumes beneath its flowery bed his scar-marked comrade's form.

The secluded village hamlet, with pious care, within the quiet grove, encloses a resting-place for its silent few, disappearing at long intervals;—and here those great living cities have chosen this silent city for their dead, falling like the forest leaves in autumn.

For the great army, who must ere long, march forth to ground their arms before the grim and ghastly Conqueror, 'twere difficult to find more beautiful and lovely resting place. E'en the sad mourner lingers as he beholds its broad and lovely lawns, stretched out in calm serenity before him;—its sylvan waters in their glassy stillness; its antique elms, arching with extended branches the long secluded lanes; its deep romantic glens; its rolling mounds, and all its varied scenery, ere with a softened sadness he turns him to his desolate and melancholy home. Oh! spirits of

our departed ones! We know that you have gone forth from your human habitations, and that we shall behold your loved forms no more forever. Oh! therefore will we lay your deserted temples within this consecrated ground, and, in imagination, fondly see you sleeping still in tranquillity beneath its green and silent sward.

But lo! where upon the broad and verdant lawn, the loose clods and dark black mould heaped carelessly aside, the narrow pit awaits, ere it close again from light, its tenant in his dark and narrow house. The sorrowing group collect around, and the pall slowly drawn aside, one moment more exhibits to the loved ones, the pallid countenance of him about to be hidden from their sight forever. The weeping widow, in her dark habiliments, leans upon the arm of the stern, sad brother, her little ones clinging to her raiment in mingled awe and admiration of the scene before them. "Ashes to ashes"—how she writhes in anguish, as the heavy clods fall with hollow unpitying jar upon the coffin lid—how like a lifeless thing she hangs upon the supporting arm in which her countenance is buried in agony unutterable; and see the little ones, their faces streaming with wondering tears, clasping her hands; how in happy ignorance, they innocently, with fond endearing names, still call upon him to arise.

But the narrow grave is filled—the mourning

group have gone—the evening shadows fall—the declining sun sinks beneath his gorgeous bed in the horizon, and in the thickening twilight, the dead lies in his mound—alone. The night advances—the stars arise, and the joyous constellations roll high onward in their majestic journeys in the o'erhanging heavens —but beneath—the tenant of the fresh filled grave, lies motionless and still. The morning sun appears, the dew, like diamonds, glitters on every leaf and blade of grass—the birds joyously carol, and the merry lark, upon the very mound itself, sends forth his cheerful note—but all is hushed, in silence, to the tenant who in his unbroken slumber sleeps within. The Autumn comes, and the falling leaves whirl withered from the tree tops, and rustle in the wind—the Winter, and the smooth broad plain lies covered with its pure and spotless cloak of driven snow, and the lowly mound is hid from sight, and shows not, in the broad midday sun, nor e'en at midnight, when the silver moon sailing ouwards in her chaste journey turns the icicles into glittering gems, on the o'erhanging branches as they bend protectingly towards it. The Spring breathes warmly, and the little mound lies green again—and now the mother bending o'er it, lifts the rose and twines the myrtle, while the little ones in joyous glee from the surrounding meadows, bring the wild flowers and scatter them in unison upon

its borders. Oh! then!—were consciousness within —then would the glad tenant smile.

But let him, whose tears as yet fall not for any dear one beneath its sod, ascend again with me the Mount, and with retrospective gaze behold the living drama, which has passed before it. The great world around—the stage—lies still the same; but the actors, all—all have passed onwards to their final rest. Into the still gleaming past bend your attentive gaze. Lo, the features of the scenery are still the same —the bay's unruffled bosom, and the islands; but no sail now floats upon its surface, no gilded spires in the distance loom, nor does the busy hum of man reach us, as listening we stand—nought we see but the far forest covering the main and islands, even to the waters. The coward wolf howls in yon distant glen—the partridge drums upon the tree tops—and the graceful deer e'en at our sides browses in conscious safety. Yon light dot moving upon the water?—'tis the painted Indian paddling his canoe. Yon smoke curling on the shore beneath us?—it is the Indian's wigwam—The joyous laugh arising among the trees? It is his squaw and black-eyed children—the Indian reigns the lord—reigns free and uncontrolled.

But look again upon the waters floats a huge and clumsy galliot—its gay and gaudy streamers flaunting in the breeze; how the poor savages congregated on yonder point, gaze in wonder as it passes—'tis the Great

Spirit, and the quaint figure with the plumed hat, and scarlet hose glistening with countless buttons, on its poop—some demi-god!—and as she onward moves, behold the weather-worn seamen's faces in her rigging, how anxiously they return the gaze.—The forest children muster courage—they follow in their light canoes —The galliot nears the Manahattoes—they ascend her sides—hawks, bells and rings, and beads, and the hot strong drink are theirs;—their land—it is the white man's.—See with what confidence he ensconces himself upon the island's borders—in his grasp, he has the fish—the furs—the game—the poor confiding Indian gives him all—and—behold the embryo city's fixed!

But see!—Is that the Dutch boor's cabin at our feet?—Is that the Indian seated on the threshold, while the Dutchman lolls lazily within!—Where—where then is the Indian's wigwam?—gone!

Look up again—a stately fleet moves o'er the bay, in line of battle drawn; the military music loudly sounds —dark cannon frown from within the gaping ports, and crews with lighted matches stand prepared—they near the Manahattoes, and—and—the Orange flag descends —the Dragon and St. George floats from the flag-staff o'er the little town. Who is the fair-haired man that drinks with the Dutchman at his cottage door, while the poor Indian stands submissively aside?—"It is the

Briton."—I hear the laugh of youth—sure 'tis the Indian's black eyed brood?—"'Tis the Englishman's yellow haired, blue eyed children."—Alas! alas! poor forest wanderer—nor squaw—nor child—nor wigwam, shall here be more for thee. Farewell—farewell.

The little town swells to a goodly city—the forests fall around—the farms stretch out their borders—wains creak and groan with harvest wealth—lordly shipping floats on the rivers—the fair haired race increase—roads mark the country—and the deer and game, scared, fly the haunts of men.—Hah!—the same flag floats not at the Manahattoes!—now, 'tis Stars and Stripes—See!—crowding across the river men in dark masses—cannon—muniments of war—in boats—on rafts—in desperate haste. Trenches and ramparts creep like serpents on the earth—horsemen scour the country—divisions—regiments—take position, and stalwart yeomen hurrying forward, join in the ranks of Liberty!—Hear! hear the wild confusion—the jar of wheels—the harsh shrill shriek of trumpets and the incessant roll of drums—the rattling musketry—the sudden blaze and boom of cannon—it is the roar of battle—it is the battle field!—Hear! hear the distant cry—"St. George and merry England."—"Our Country and Liberty."—Ah! o'er this very ground, the conflict passes—See! the vengeful Briton prostrate falls beneath the deadly rifle—while the yeomen masses fade beneath the howling cannon shot—and

hark! how from amid the sulphurous cloud the wild "hurrah" drowns e'en the dread artillery.

The smoke clouds lazily creep from off the surface —the battle's o'er and the red-cross banner floats again upon the island of Manahattoes.—And now again—the Stripes and Stars stream gently in the breeze.

The past is gone—the future stands before us. Ay! here upon this very spot, once rife with death, yonder cities shall lay their slain for centuries to come—their slain, falling in the awful contest with the stern warrior, against whom human strength is nought, and human conflict vain. Years shall sweep on in steady tide, and these broad fields be whitened with countless sepulchres—the mounds, covered with graves where affection still shall plant the flower and trail the vine—in the deep valleys, and romantic glens to receive their ne'er returning tenants ; the sculptured vaults still shall roll ope their marble fronts—beneath the massive pyramid's firm-fixed base, the Martyrs of the Prisons find their final resting-place—and on this spot the stately column shooting high in air, to future generations tell, the bloody story of yon battle-field.

All here shall rest;—the old man—his silver hairs in quiet, and the wailing babe in sweet repose—the strong from fierce conflict with fiery disease, and bowing submissively, the poor pallid invalid—the old

—the young—the strong—the beautiful—all—here shall rest in deep and motionless repose.

Oh! Being!—Infinite and Glorious—UNSEEN—shrouded from our vision in the vast and awful mists of immeasurable Eternity—CREATOR—throned in splendour inconceivable, mid millions and countless myriads of worlds, which still rushing into being at thy thought, course their majestic circles, chiming in obedient grandeur glorious hymns of praise—God of Wisdom,—thou that hast caused the ethereal spark to momentarily light frail tenements of clay,—grant, that in the terrors of the awful Judgment, they may meet the splendours of the opening heavens with steadfast gaze, and relying on the Redeemer's mediation, in boundless ecstacy, still cry—WHERE—WHERE THEN IS DEATH!

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APPENDIX.

Note to the Resurrectionists.—GHOST IN THE GRAVE YARD.—In New-England, most of the burying-grounds as they are called, are at some distance from the villages, and generally neglected and rude in their appearance, frequently overgrown with wild, dank weeds, and surrounded by rough stone walls.—Dr. W., a physician, whose extensive practice gave him a large circuit of country to ride over, relates that returning late one night from visiting a patient who was dangerously ill, his attention was attracted by a human figure clad in white, perched upon the top of the stone wall of one of these rustic cemeteries.—The moon was shining cold and clear, and he drew up his horse for a moment, and gazed steadily at the object, supposing that he was labouring under an optical illusion, but it remained immoveable and he was convinced, however singular the position and the hour, that his eyesight had not deceived him. Being a man of strong nerves, he determined to examine it, whether human or supernatural, more closely, and leaping his horse up the bank of the road he proceeded along the side of the fence towards the object. It remained perfectly motionless until he came opposite and within a few feet, when it vanished from the fence, and in another instant, with a piercing shriek, was clinging round his neck upon the horse.—This was too much, for even the Doctor's philosophy, and relieving himself with a

violent exertion from the grasp, he flung the figure from him, and putting spurs to his horse galloped into the village at full speed, a torrent of ghostly lore and diablerie pouring through his mind as he dashed along. Arousing the occupants of the nearest house, they returned to the scene of the adventure, where they found the object of his terror,—a poor female maniac, who had escaped from confinement in a neighbouring alms-house, wandering among the tombs.

Note to Old Kennedy, No. I.—CAPT. SOMERS.* — The name of Somers, the twin brother in arms of Decatur, shines brightly on the History of American Naval Warfare; and the last desperate action which terminated his short and brilliant career with his life, is stamped in colours so indelible, that nothing but the destroying finger of Time can efface it from its pages. After severe and continued fighting before Tripoli, the Turkish flotilla withdrew within the mole, and could not be induced to venture themselves beyond the guns of the Tripolitan Battery. The ketch Intrepid was fitted out as a fire-ship, filled to the decks with barrels of gunpowder, shells, pitch, and other combustible materials; and Capt. Somers, with a volunteer crew, undertook the hazardous, almost desperate, task, of navigating her, in the darkness of night, into the middle of the Turkish flotilla, when the train was to be fired, and they were to make their escape, as they best could in her boats.

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* The U. S. Brig Somers, in which the late daring mutiny was suppressed by the prompt and decided measures of Lt. Alexander Slidell McKenzie, was named after this hero of the Tripolitan war.

Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel were the only officers allowed to join expedition, which was comprised of a small crew of picked men. The Intrepid was escorted as far as was prudent by three vessels of the squadron, who hove to, to avoid suspicion, and to be ready to pick up the boats upon their return: the Constitution, under easy sail in the offing.

Many a brave heart could almost hear its own pulsations in those vessels, as she became more and more indistinct, and gradually disappeared in the distance. They watched for some time with intense anxiety, when a heavy cannonade was opened from the Turkish batteries, which, by its flashes, discovered the ketch determinedly progressing on her deadly errand. She was slowly and surely making for the entrance of the mole, when the whole atmosphere suddenly blazed as if into open day; the mast with all its sails shot high up in the air; shells whizzed, rocket like, exploding in every direction; a deafening roar followed and all sunk again into the deepest pitchy darkness. The Americans waited—waited—in anxious—at last sickening suspense. Their companions came not—the hours rolled on—no boat hailed—no oar splashed in the surrounding darkness. The East grew grey with the dawn—the sun shone brightly above the horizon, nought but a few shattered vessels lying near the shore—the flotilla—the batteries—and the minarets of Tripoli, gilded by the morning sunbeams, met their gaze. Those noble spirits had written their history. Whether consigned to eternity by a shot of the enemy, prematurely exploding the magazine, or from the firing of the train by their own hands, must always remain untold and unknown.

Note to Old Kennedy. No. III.—"THE PARTING BLESSING."—An officer of the Lawrence engaged in this desperate action informed the writer, that he observed, in the latter part of the battle, the captain of one of the guns, who was a perfect sailor, and remarkable for his neatness and fine personal appearance, ineffectually endeavouring to work his gun himself, after all its crew had fallen. He was badly wounded by a grape shot in the leg; and although in that situation, he was supporting himself on the other, while he struggled at the tackle to bring the piece to bear. The officer told him that he had better leave the gun, and join one of the others, or, as he was badly wounded, go below. "No—no, sir,"—said the brave tar,—"I've loaded her, and if I've got to go below, it shan't be before *I give 'em a parting blessing!*" The officer then himself assisted him in running the gun out of the port. The sailor, taking a good and deliberate aim, discharged her into the British ship, and then dragged himself down to the cockpit, fully satisfied with the parting compliment that he had paid the enemy. General Jackson, during his administration, granted the man a pension.

Note to Old Kennedy. No. IV.—EXPLOSION AT CRANEY ISLAND.—One of the oldest of the surgeons now in the navy, who was present when the British were defeated in their attempt to cut out the Constellation at Craney's Island, in Hampton Roads, in the last war, relates the following anecdote.

The fire of the Americans was so heavy, that the British flotilla was soon obliged to retire, a number of their boats having been disabled by the cannon shot—one, in particular, having been cut in two, sunk, leaving the men struggling in

the water for their lives. It was thought that it contained an officer of rank, as the other boats hurried to her assistance, and evinced much agitation until the individual alluded to was saved. But to let the doctor tell his own story:—

"Well, they retreated, and we made prisoners of those whose boats having been cut up, were struggling in the water. Among others, there was a fine looking fellow, a petty officer, who had been wounded by the same shot that had sunk the boat; so I got him up to the hospital-tent, and cut off his leg above the knee, and having made him comfortable, (!) walked out upon the beach, with my assistant for a stroll. We had not gone far, when we were both thrown upon our backs by a violent shock which momentarily stunned us. On recovering ourselves, we observed the air filled with cotton descending like feathers. We did not know how to account for the phenomenon, till, advancing some distance farther, we found a soldier lying apparently dead, with his musket by his side. I stooped down, and found that the man was wounded in the head, a splinter having lodged just over the temple. As I drew out the splinter, he raised himself, and stared stupidly about him. I asked him what he was doing there?—"I'm standing ground over the tent, sir," he replied. What tent?—"Why sir, the tent that had the gunpowder in it." How came it to blow up—what set it on fire?—"I don't know, sir." Did nobody come along this way?—"Yes, sir; a man came along with a cigar in his mouth, and asked if he might go in out of the sun; I told him, yes!—and he went in, and sat himself down—and that is the last that I recollect, until I found you standing over me here." Upon going a few hundred feet farther, we found a part, and still farther on, the remainder of the body of the

unfortunate man, who ignorantly had been the cause of the explosion, as well as his own death. He was so completely blackened and burnt that it would have been impossible, from his colour, to have distinguished him from a negro."

Note to Hudson River.—MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST-POINT.—West-Point, with her majestic scenery—her savage mountains—the river winding at their feet—her military ruins rising among the forest-trees—her fine architectural edifices—her flag proudly floating from its staff against the back-ground of pure blue ether—her bright and elastic youth, in all "the pomp and circumstance of war"—now marching on the broad and verdant plain, in glittering battalion—now as cavalry, spurring their snorting horses in close squadron—now with light artillery hidden in the smoke of their rapid evolutions—now calculating amid the bray of mortars, the curving course of bombs—measuring the ricochetting shot bounding from the howitzers—amid the roar of heavy cannon, watching the balls as they shiver the distant targets.—West-Point, enveloped in its spicy mountain breezes—West-Point—its romantic walks—its melodious birds, warbling in ecstacy among its trees—its heroic monuments—its revolutionary relics—its associations, past and present—is, to the tourist, poetry—but to the cadet—sober, sober prose Incessant study—severe drilling—arduous examinations—alike amid the sultry heats of summer, and intense cold of winter, mark the four years of his stay, with a continual round of labour and application —application so severe that health frequently gives way under the trial. None but the most robust and hardy in constitution, can sustain the fatigue and labour. But few, nursed in the lap of wealth, are willing to undergo its hardships, yet, though the far greater

part of the number are from what are called the hardy, certainly not the opulent part of the community ; under the cry of aristocracy, the Academy is made a standing mark for the attacks of the radicals in the Federal and State legislatures. Of all the places of public instruction in the country—in a national point of view—it is the most important ; for while it furnishes to the army a corps of officers acknowledgedly unsurpassed in military and scientific attainments by that of any service in Europe—officers, whose names are synonymous with modesty and honour, it is of incalculable importance in furnishing to the country, commanders and instructors for the militia in time of war, and engineers for the constant plans of public improvement in peace. West-Point proudly boasts that not one of her sons has ever disgraced himself, or his country, in the face of the enemy. She can, with equal pride, point to almost every work of importance in the country, and say, "There too, is their handywork." While the noble works of defence on the frontiers and sea-board bear testimony to the talent and science of Totten, Thayer, and other gentlemen of the corps of engineers, the railroads, aqueducts and canals of the States bear equal witness to the energies of Douglass, McNeill, Whistler, and other officers, who have entered the walks of private life.

Well would it be in this disorganizing age, if, instead of prostrating this, every State had within her borders a similar institution as a nucleus of order, discipline, and obedience. The following extract of a letter from an officer who stands high in the service, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

February 16, 1843.

"I send you herewith a part of the information which you required in your last letter. The Military Academy is a great honour to the country, and is so understood abroad. I have frequently heard foreign officers express their opinion, that it was equal to any institution in Europe, and I was particularly gratified when I was abroad, to find the English officers so jealous of it. They seemed to understand very distinctly, that, although the policy of the country prevented our sustaining a standing army, that we had yet kept up with the age in military science; and stood ready prepared with a body of officers, well educated in scientific knowledge, to supply a large army for efficient and vigorous operations.

"The whole number of graduates at the Academy since its foundation, is 1167. Of this number there have died in service, 168. There have been killed in battle, 24. Of those wounded in service, there is no record. The number of those who have died since 1837, is 1 major, 17 captains, 21 first lieutenants, and 9 second lieutenants.

"The rank of those killed since 1837, was 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 captains, 3 first lieutenants, and 2 second lieutenants. The rank of those killed previous to that time can only be ascertained by great care in revising the Registers. The enemies of the Academy have charged, that men have been educated and resigned without performing service in the army. This is not so. Besides, the term of service in the Academy, where they are liable at any time to be called upon and sent to the extremes of the Union, they are obliged by law, to serve four years after they have graduated, and in fact, they seldom do resign, unless they are treated unfairly by government, and the proportion of resignations of officers

appointed from civil life, is much greater than from those that have graduated at the Academy. A large number of resignations took place in 1836, which was attributable to high salaries offered for civil engineers, and to the general disgust which pervaded the army, upon the constitution of two regiments of dragoons, when the appointments were made almost exclusively from civilians, and officers of long-standing and arduous service in the army found themselves outranked by men of no experience, and who had done no service. You can have no idea of the injustice which was done on that occasion. The ambition of many of the officers was broken down, and they retired in disgust."

Note to Fort Erie.—The Dying Soldier.—"On the day preceding the night attack," said the Major, "while the enemy were throwing an incessant discharge of shot and shells into our works, I observed at a little distance beyond me a group of people collected on the banquette of the rampart; I approached and found that one of the militia had been mortally wounded by a cannot shot, and that, supported by his comrades, he was dictating with his dying breath his last words to his family. "Tell them," said he, "that—that—I d-i-e-d l-i-k-e a b-r-a-v-e m-a-n—figh—fig-h-t—" and here his breath failed him, and he sunk nearly away—but rousing himself again with a desperate exertion—"b-r-a-v-e m-a-n—fight-in-g for—for—my c-o-u-n-try,"—and he expired with the words upon his lips."

Night Attack on Fort Erie.—The Officer's Sabre.—The writer saw in the possession of Major ———, a beautiful scimitar-shaped sabre, with polished steel scabbard; the

number of the regiment, (119th, he thinks,) embossed on its blade, which one of the soldiers picked up and brought in from among the scattered arms and dead bodies in front of the works on the following morning. The white leathern belt was cut in two, probably by a grape shot or musket ball, and saturated with blood. Whether its unfortunate owner was killed, or wounded only, of course could not be known. It was a mute and interesting witness of that night's carnage—and had undoubtedly belonged to some officer who had been in Egypt, and had relinquished the straight European sabre, for this favourite weapon of the Mameluke.

Note to Attack on Fort Erie, and Battle of Lundy's Lane. —These two articles elicited the following reply from the pen of an officer of the U. S. army, who has, alas! since it was written, fallen before the hand of the grim tyrant, whose blow never falls but in death. The authenticity of the statement can be relied upon, as the documents from whence it was derived, were the papers of Major-General Brown, and other high officers engaged in the campaign. It is proper to observe, that in the rambling sketch of a tourist, where a mere cursory description was all that was aimed at, the apparent injustice done to that gallant officer and eminently skilful soldier, Major-General Brown, (who certainly ought to have been placed more prominently in the foreground,) was entirely unintentional. The officer alluded to was under the impression that Colonel Wood's remains were never recovered, and that consequently the monument erected to his memory at West-Point does not rest upon them. Much of the material of the two articles (eliciting these comments) was derived from conversations with another highly accomplished

and now retired officer of the U. S. army; and as they were published without his knowledge, the writer inserts the following reply made to the strictures at the time:

* * * * "Deeming that 'a local habitation and a name' may be affixed to my friend the 'Major,' and that he may be considered responsible for inaccuracies for which others alone are accountable, I hasten to say, that in the description of the battle at Lundy's Lane, (with the exception of some of the personal anecdotes,) the title is retained merely as a *nom de guerre* to carry the reader through the different phases of the action. The description of the night attack on Fort Erie, as well as that of the character and personal appearance of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, is, however, almost literally that given at the fireside of my friend. The information received from the British camp on the following morning, through a flag, was, as near as could be ascertained, that Colonel Wood had been bayonetted to death on the ground; and my impression was that his body had been subsequently identified and returned. But as your correspondent, apparently a brother officer, speaks so decidedly, I presume he is correct. Far more agreeable to me would it have been to have remained under the delusion, that the bones of that gallant and accomplished soldier slept under the green plateau of West Point, than the supposition that even now they may be restlessly whirling in some dark cavern of the cataracts. The account of the battle at Lundy's Lane was compiled from one of the earlier editions of Brackenridge's History of the Late War, (I think the third,) the only written authority that I had upon the subject, and from conclusions drawn from rambles and casual conversations on the battle-ground. In how far a rough sketch, which was all that was aimed at,

has been conveyed from that authority, the reader, as well as your correspondent, can best determine by referring to the history alluded to." The desperate bayonet charge is thus described in that work, fourth edition, p. 269–270.

* * * * "The enemy's artillery occupied a hill which was the key to the whole position, and it would be in vain to hope for victory while they were permitted to retain it. Addressing himself to Colonel Miller, he inquired whether he could storm the batteries at the head of the twenty-first, while he would himself support him with the younger regiment, the twenty-third? To this the wary, but intrepid veteran replied, in an unaffected phrase, 'I'll try, sir;'* words which were afterwards given as the motto of his regiment.

* * * * "The twenty-third was formed in close column under its commander, Major McFarland, and the first regiment, under Colonel Nicholas, was left to keep the infantry in check. The two regiments moved on to one of the most perilous charges ever attempted; the whole of the artillery opened upon them as they advanced, supported by a powerful line of infantry. The twenty-first advanced steadily to its purpose; the twenty-third faltered on receiving the deadly fire of the enemy, but was soon rallied by the personal exertions of General Ripley. When within a hundred yards of the summit, they received another dreadful discharge, by which Major McFarland was killed, and the command devolved on Major Brooks. To the amazement of the British, the intrepid Miller firmly advanced, until within a few paces of their line, when he impetuously charged upon the artillery,

* The twenty-first carried the celebrated '*I'll try, Sir,*' inscribed upon their buttons during the remainder of the war.

which, after a short but desperate resistance, yielded their whole battery, and the American line was in a moment formed in the rear upon the ground previously occupied by the British infantry. In carrying the larger pieces, the twenty-first suffered severely; Lieutenant Cilley, after an unexampled effort, fell wounded by the side of the piece which he took: there were but few of the officers of this regiment who were not either killed or wounded.

"So far as I can recollect, the personal narrative of my friend was as follows: Miller, quietly surveying the battery, coolly replied—'I'll try, sir;' then turning to his regiment, drilled to beautiful precision, said, 'Attention, twenty-first.' He directed them as they rushed up the hill, to deliver their fire at the port-lights of the artillerymen, and to immediately carry the guns at the point of the bayonet. In a very short time they moved on to the charge, delivered their fire as directed, and after a furious struggle of a few moments over the cannon, the battery was in their possession. The words of caution of the officers, 'Close up—steady, men—steady,' I have heard indifferently ascribed to them at this charge, and at the desperate sortie from Fort Erie. I am thus particular with regard to the detail of this transaction, not that I think your correspondent, any more than myself, regards it as of much moment, but lest my friend should be considered responsible for words which he did not utter.

* * * * "To show with what secresy the arrangements were made for the sortie, it is believed that the enemy was in utter ignorance of the movement. To confirm him in error, a succession of trusty spies were sent to him in the character of deserters up to the close of day of the 16th; and so little did the army know of what were General Brown's plans for

that day, that even if an officer had gone over to the enemy, the information he could have given must have been favourable to the meditated enterprise, as no one had been consulted but General Porter, and the engineers Colonels McRae and Wood.

"At nine o'clock in the evening of the 16th, the general-in-chief called his assistant adjutant-general, Major Jones, and after explaining concisely his object, ordered him to see the officers whom the General named and direct them to his tent. The officers General Brown had selected to have the honour of leading commands on the 17th came; he explained to them his views and determinations, and enjoyed much satisfaction at seeing that his confidence had not been misplaced. They left him to prepare for the duty assigned to them on the succeeding day. At twelve o'clock the last agent was sent to the enemy in the character of a deserter, and aided, by disclosing all he knew, to confirm him in security.

"The letter, of which the following is an extract, was written by General Brown to the Department of War early in the morning of the 25th July, 1814:

"'As General Gaines informed me that the Commodore was in port, and as he did not know when the fleet would sail, or when the guns and troops that I had been expecting would even leave Sackett's Harbour, I have thought it proper to change my position with a view to other objects.'

"General Scott, with the first brigade, Towson's artillery, all the dragoons and mounted men, was accordingly put in march towards Queenston. He was particularly instructed to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance if that was necessary. Having command of the dragoons, he

would have, it was supposed, the means of intelligence. On General Scott's arrival near the Falls, he learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of woods alone intercepting his view of them. Waiting only to despatch this information, but not to receive any in return, the General advanced upon him.

"Hearing the report of cannon and small arms, General Brown at once concluded that a battle had commenced between the advance of his army and the enemy, and without waiting for information from General Scott, ordered the second brigade and all the artillery to march as rapidly as possible to his support, and directed Colonel Gardner to remain and see this order executed. He then rode with his aids-de-camp, and Major McRee, with all speed towards the scene of action. As he approached the Falls, about a mile from Chippeway, he met Major Jones, who had accompanied General Scott, bearing a message from him, advising General Brown that he had met the enemy. From the information given by Major Jones, it was concluded to order up General Porter's command, and Major Jones was sent with this order. Advancing a little further, General Brown met Major Wood, of the engineers, who also had accompanied General Scott. He reported that the conflict between General Scott and the enemy was close and desperate, and urged that reinforcements should be hurried forward. The reinforcements were now marching with all possible rapidity. The Major-General was accompanied by Major Wood to the field of battle. Upon his arrival, he found that General Scott had passed the wood, and engaged the enemy upon the Queenston road and the ground to the left of it, with the 9th, 11th, and 22d regiments, and Towson's artillery. The 25th had been detached

to the right to be governed by circumstances. Apprehending these troops to be much exhausted, notwithstanding the good front they showed, and knowing that they had suffered severely in the contest, General Brown determined to form and interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage General Scott, and hold his brigade in reserve. By this time Captains Biddle and Ritchie's companies of artillery had come into action. The head of General Ripley's column was nearly up with the right of General Scott's line. At this moment the enemy fell back, in consequence, it was believed, of the arrival of fresh troops, which they could see and begin to feel. At the moment the enemy broke, General Scott's brigade gave a general huzza, that cheered the whole line. General Ripley was ordered to pass his line and display his column in front. The movement was commenced in obedience to the order. Majors McRee and Wood had rapidly reconnoitered the enemy and his position. McRee reported that he appeared to have taken up a new position with his line, and with his artillery, to have occupied a height which gave him great advantages it being the key of the whole position. To secure the victory, it was necessary to carry this height, and seize his artillery. McRee was ordered by the Major-General to conduct Ripley's command on the Queenstown road, with a view to that object, and prepare the 21st regiment under Colonel Miller for the duty.

"The second brigade immediately advanced on the Queenston road. Gen. Brown, with his aids-de-camp and Major Wood passing to the left of the second brigade in front of the first, approached the enemy's artillery, and observed an extended line of infantry formed for its support. A detachment

of the first regiment of infantry, under command of Col. Nicolas, which arrived that day, and was attached to neither of the brigades, but had marched to the field of battle in the rear of the second, was ordered promptly to break off to the left, and form a line facing the enemy on the height, with a view of drawing his fire and attracting his attention, while Col. Miller advanced with the bayonet upon his left flank to carry his artillery. As the first regiment, led by Major Wood and commanded by Col. Nicolas, approached its position, the commanding General rode to Col. Miller, and ordered him to charge and carry the enemy's artillery with the bayonet. He replied in a tone o great promptness and good humour—'It shall be done, Sir.'

"At this moment the first regiment gave way under the fire of the enemy; but Col. Miller, without regard to this circumstance, advanced steadily to his object, and carried the height and the cannon in a style rarely equalled—never excelled. At this point of time when Col. Miller moved, the 23d regiment was on his right, a little in the rear. Gen. Ripley led this regiment: it had some severe fighting, and in a degree gave way, but was promptly reformed, and brought upon the right of the 21st, with which were connected a detachment of the 17th and 19th.

"Gen. Ripley being now with his brigade, formed a line, (the enemy having been driven from his commanding ground) with the captured cannon, nine pieces in the rear. The first regiment having been rallied, was brought into line by Lt. Col. Nicolas on the left of the second brigade; and Gen. Porter coming up at this time, occupied with his command the extreme left. Our artillery formed the right between the 21st and 23d regiments. Having given to Col. Miller orders

to storm the heights and carry the cannon as he advanced, Gen. Brown moved from his right flank to the rear of his left. Maj. Wood and Capt. Spencer met him on the Queenston road; turning down that road, he passed directly in the rear of the 23rd, as they advanced to the support of Col. Miller. The shouts of the American soldiers on the heights at this moment, assured him of Col. Miller's success, and he hastened toward the place, designing to turn from the Queenston road towards the heights up Lundy's Lane. In the act of doing so, Maj. Wood and Capt. Spencer, who were about a horse's length before him, were near riding upon a body of the enemy; and nothing prevented them from doing it but an officer exclaiming before them, "They are the Yankees." The exclamation halted the three American officers, and upon looking down the road they saw a line of British infantry drawn up in front of the western fence of the road with its right resting upon Lundy's Lane.

"The British officer had, at the moment he gave this alarm, discovered Maj. Jesup. The Major had, as before observed, at the commencement of the action, been ordered by Gen. Scott to take ground to his right.

"He had succeeded in turning the enemy's left, had captured Gen. Riall and several other officers, and sent them to camp, and then, feeling and searching his way silently towards where the battle was raging, had brought his regiment, the 25th, after a little comparative loss, up to the eastern fence at the Queenston road, a little to the north of Lundy's Lane. The moment the British gave Jesup notice of having discovered him, Jesup ordered his command to fire upon the enemy's line. The lines could not have been more then four rods apart—Jesup behind the south fence, the British in front of

the north. The slaughter was dreadful; the enemy fled down the Queenston road at the third or fourth fire. As the firing ceased, the Major-General approached Major Jesup, advised him that Col. Miller had carried the enemy's artillery, and received information of the capture of Gen. Riall.

"The enemy having rallied his broken forces and received reinforcements, was now discovered in good order and in great force. The commanding General, doubting the correctness of the information, and to ascertain the truth, passed in person with his suite in front of our line. He could no longer doubt, as a more extended line than he had yet seen during the engagement was near, and advancing upon us. Capt. Spencer, without saying a word, put spurs to his horse, and rode directly up to the advancing line, then, turning towards the enemy's right, inquired in a strong and firm voice, 'What regiment is that?' and was as promptly answered, 'The Royal Scots, Sir.'

"General Brown and suite then threw themselves behind our troops without loss of time, and waited the attack. The enemy advanced slowly and firmly upon us: perfect silence was observed throughout both armies until the lines approached to within four to six rods. Our troops had levelled their pieces and the artillery was prepared,—the order to fire was given. Most awful was its effect. The lines closed in part before the enemy was broken. He then retired precipitately, the American army following him. The field was covered with the slain, but not an enemy capable of marching was to be seen. We dressed our men upon the ground we occupied. Gen. Brown was not disposed to leave it in the dark, knowing it was the best in the neigbourhood. His intention, then'

was to maintain it until day should dawn, and to be governed by circumstances.

"Our gallant and accomplished foe did not give us much time for deliberation. He showed himself within twenty minutes, apparently undismayed and in good order."

Extract of a private letter from the writer of the above article, dated January 15, 1841. * * * *

"As to the fate of the gallant and accomplished Wood.—You supposed a flag from the enemy reported he had been bayoneted to death on the ground—like enough, but how did the enemy recognise his body. Gen. Porter thinks he fell at the close of the action at battery No. 1, but I never heard that any one saw him fall.—His body never was recovered. Those of Gibson and Davis, the leaders of the two other columns in Gen. Porter's command, were.

"Soon after the war, McRee, one of the best military engineers this country ever produced, threw up his commission in disgust and died of the cholera at St. Louis.

"From the time I lost sight of Gen. Scott in my narrative until after the change referred to at the end of the narrative, Gen. Scott with three of his battalions had been held in reserve. The commander-in-chief now rode in person to Gen. Scott, and ordered him to advance. That officer was prepared and expected the call.—As Scott advanced toward Ripley's left, Gen. Brown passed to the left to speak with Gen. Porter and see the condition and countenance of his militia, who, at that moment, were thrown into some confusion under a most galling and deadly fire from the enemy: they were, however, kept to their duty by the exertions of their gallant chiefs, and most nobly sustained the conflict. The enemy was repulsed and again driven out of sight. But a short time, however, had

elapsed, when he was once more distinctly seen, in great force, advancing upon our main line under the command of Ripley and Porter. The direction that Scott had given his column would have enabled him in five minutes, to have formed a line in the rear of the enemy's right, and thus have brought him between two fires. But in a moment most unexpected, a flank fire from a party of the enemy, concealed upon our left, falling upon the centre of Scott's command, when in open column, blasted our proud expectations. His column was severed in two; one part passing to the rear, the other by the right flank of platoons towards the main line. About this period Gen. Brown received his first wound, a musket ball passing through his right thigh and *carrying away his watch seal*, a few minutes after Capt. Spencer received his mortal wound. * * * *

"This was the last desperate effort made by the enemy to regain his position and artillery. * * * *

"Porter's volunteers were not excelled by the regulars during this charge. They were soon precipitated by their heroic commander upon the enemy's line, which they broke and dispersed, making many prisoners. The enemy now seemed to be effectually routed; they disappeared. * * * *

"At the commencement of the action, Col. Jesup was detached to the left of the enemy, with the discretionary order, to be governed by circumstances.—The commander of the British forces had committed a fault by leaving a road unguarded on his left. Col. Jesup, taking advantage of this, threw himself promptly into the rear of the enemy, where he was enabled to operate with brilliant enterprise and the happiest effect. The capture of Gen. Riall, with a large escort of officers of rank, was part of the trophies of his intrepidi-

ty and skill. It is not, we venture to assert, bestowing on him too much praise to say, that to his achievements, more than to those of any other individual, is to be attributed the preservation of the first brigade from utter annihilation.

"Among the officers captured by Col. Jesup, was Capt. Loring, one of General Drummond's aid-de-camps, who had been detached from the front line to order up the reserve, with a view to fall on Scott with the concentrated force of the whole army and overwhelm him at a single effort. Nor would it have been possible to prevent this catastrophe, had the reserve arrived in time; the force with which General Scott would have been obliged to contend being nearly quadruple that of his own. By the fortunate capture, however, of the British aid-de-camp, before the completion of the service on which he had been ordered, the enemy's reserve was not brought into action until the arrival of Gen. Ripley's brigade, which prevented the disaster that must otherwise have ensued, and achieved, in the end, one of the most honourable victories that ever shed lustre upon the arms of a nation. * * * *

Note to Lundy's Lane.—RAINBOW OF THE CATARACT.—The afternoon of the action presented one of those delicious summer scenes in which all nature appears to be breathing in harmony and beauty.—As General Scott's brigade came in view, and halted in the vicinity of the cataracts, the mist rising from the falls, was thrown in upon the land, arching the American force with a vivid and gorgeous rainbow, the left resting on the cataract, and the right lost in the forest. Its brilliance and beauty was such, that it excited not only the enthusiasm of the officers, but even the camp followers were filled with admiration.

Note to Lundy's Lane.—THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.—"I rode to the battle-ground about day-light on the following morning, without witnessing the presence of a single British officer or soldier. The dead had not been removed through the night, and such a scene of carnage I never before beheld.—Red coats, blue, and grey, promiscuously intermingled, *in many places three deep*, and around the hill where the enemy's artillery was carried by Colonel Miller, the carcasses of sixty or seventy horses added to the horror of the scene."—*Private Letter of an Officer.*

The dead were collected and burnt in funeral piles, made of rails, on the field where they had fallen.

Note to Lundy's Lane.—THE TWO SERGEANTS.—For several days after the action, the country people found the bodies of soldiers who had straggled off into the woods, and died of their wounds.—At some distance from the field of battle, and entirely alone, were found the bodies of two sergeants, American and English, transfixed by each other's bayonets, lying across each other, where they had fallen in deadly duel. It is rare that individual combat takes place under such circumstances in the absence of spectators to cheer on the combatants by their approval, and this incident conveys some idea of the desperation which characterised the general contest on that night. Yet in this lonely and brief tragedy, these two men were enacting parts, which to them were as momentous as the furious conflict of the masses in the distance.

Note to Lundy's Lane.—DEATH OF CAPTAIN HULL.—Captain Hull, a son of General Hull, whose unfortunate sur-

render at Detroit created so much odium, fell in this battle. He led his men into the midst of the heaviest fire of the enemy, and after they were almost if not all destroyed, plunged sword in hand into the centre of the British column, fighting with the utmost desperation until he was literally impaled upon their bayonets.

In the pocket of this gallant and generous young officer, was found a letter, avowing his determination to signalize the name or to fall in the attempt.

Note to Lundy's Lane.—SCOTT'S BRIGADE.—Part of Gen. Scott's command were dressed in grey—(probably the fatigue dress)—at the battle of Chippewa. An English company officer relates, that—"Advancing at the head of my men, I saw a body of Americans drawn up, dressed in grey uniform. Supposing them to be militia, I directed my men to fire, and immediately charge bayonet.—What was my surprise, to find as the smoke of our fire lifted from the ground, that instead of flying in consternation from our destructive discharge, the supposed militia were coming down upon *us* at 'double quick'—at the charge. In two minutes I stood alone, my men having given way, without waiting to meet the shock."

Note to Lundy's Lane.—DEATH OF CAPT. SPENCER.—Capt. Spencer, aid-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Brown, a son of the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, was only eighteen years of age at the time that he closed his brief career. He was directed by Gen. Brown to carry an order to another part of the field, and to avoid a more circuitous route, he chivalrously galloped down, exposed to the heavy fire in the front

of the line, eliciting the admiration of both armies, but before he reached the point of his destination, two balls passed through his body, and he rolled from his saddle.

The following letter to Gen. Armstrong, Secretary of War, will show in what estimation he was held by Gen. Brown:—

Copy of a letter from Major Gen. Brown, to Gen. Armstrong, Secretary of War.

"HEAD QUARTERS, FORT ERIE,
20th September, 1814.

"SIR—Among the officers lost to this army, in the battle of Niagara Falls, was my aid-de-camp, Captain Ambrose Spencer, who being mortally wounded, was obliged to be left in the hands of the enemy. By flags from the British army, I was shortly afterwards assured of his convalescence, and an offer was made me by Lieutenant General Drummond, to exchange him for his own aid, Captain Loring, then a prisoner of war with us. However singular this proposition appeared, as Captain Loring was not wounded, nor had received the slightest injury, I was willing to comply with it on Captain Spencer's account. But as I knew his wounds were severe, I first sent to ascertain the fact of his being then living. My messenger, with a flag, was detained, nor even once permitted to see Captain Spencer, though in his immediate vicinity.

"The evidence I wished to acquire failed; but my regard for Captain Spencer, would not permit me longer to delay, and I informed General Drummond, that his aid should be exchanged, even for the *body* of mine. This offer was, no doubt, gladly accepted, and the *corpse* of Captain Spencer sent to the American shore."

Note to MONTREAL.—The custom of emblazoning on the flags, and other military insignia of the regiments, the actions in which they have signalized themselves, obtaining in the British and other European services, is not now allowed in that of the United States, on the score of its aristocratic tendency! Although, perhaps, in the instance alluded to, the stupidity of the individual prevented him from understanding their meaning; still, to the more intelligent of the soldiers, they are no doubt a great incentive to uphold the honour of the regiment.

Note to LAKE GEORGE AND TICONDEROGA.—This important position, situated on Lake Champlain near the foot of the Horicon, (called by the English, Lake George, and by the French, St. Sacrament,) was first fortified by the French, and was the point from which they made so many incursions, in conjunction with the Indians, upon the English settlements. Lord Abercrombie led an army of nearly 16,000 men against it in the year 1658; but was defeated with a loss of 2000 men, and one of his most distinguished officers, Lord Howe, who fell at the head of one of the advance columns. In the following year it surrendered to General Amherst, who led a force of nearly equal number against it. Its surprise and capture by Ethan Allen at the commencement of our revolution, is, we presume, familiar to every American, as also the fact of Burgoyne's getting heavy cannon upon the neighbouring mountain which had heretofore been considered impracticable, and from which the works were entirely commanded. The necessary withdrawal of the army by St. Clair, after blowing up the works, is as related in the text.

Note to Bass Fishing.—CREW OF THE ESSEX FRIGATE.—In the bloody and heroic defence of the Essex, in which, out of a crew of two hundred and fifty-five men, one hundred and fifty-three were killed and wounded! a number of instances of individual daring and devotion are recorded of the common sailors. Besides the act of Ripley, which is mentioned in the text, one man received a cannon ball through his body, and exclaimed in the agonies of death—"Never mind, shipmates, I die for free trade and sailor's rights." Another expired inciting his shipmates to "fight for liberty!"—and another, Benjamin Hazen, having dressed himself in a clean shirt and jacket, threw himself overboard, declaring, that "he would never be incarcerated in an English prison." An old man-of-war's-man who was in her, informed the writer, that her sides were so decayed by exposure to the climate in which she had been cruizing, that the dust flew like smoke from every shot that came through the bulwarks, and that at the close of the action, when the Essex was lying perfectly helpless, a target for the two heavy British ships, riddled by every ball from their long guns, without the ability to return a single shot—he was near the quarter-deck and heard Commodore Porter walking up and down with hurried steps, repeatedly strike his breast and exclaim, in great apparent agony—"My Heaven!—is there no shot for me!"

Note to Bass Fishing.—MUTINY ON BOARD THE ESSEX FRIGATE.—While the Essex was lying at the Marquesas Islands, recruiting and refreshing her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed through a servant of one of the officers, that a

mutiny had been planned, and was on the eve of consummation. That it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers—take possession of the ship—and, after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island, to hoist the black flag and "cruize on their own account."—Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarter-deck, and ordered all the crew to be summoned aft. Waiting till the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot, and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth.—"Those men who are in favour of standing by the ship and her officers," said the commodore, "will go over to the starboard side—those who are against them will remain where they are." The crew, to a man, moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still as the grave. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments—the commodore said—"Robert White—step out." The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated—guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance—in front of his comrades. The commodore looked at him a moment—then seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said, in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep that they rung like a knell upon the ears of the guilty among the crew—"Villain!—you are the ringleader of this mutiny—jump overboard!" The man dropt on his knees, imploring for mercy—saying that he could not swim. "Then drown, you scoundrel!" said the commodore, springing towards him to cut him down—"overboard instantly!"—and the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew, and addressed them with much feeling—the tears standing upon his bronzed cheek as he spoke.

He asked them what he had done, that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever dishonoured the flag—whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness—whether they had ever been wanting for any thing to their comfort, that discipline and the rules of the service would allow—and which it was in his power to give. At the close of his address, he said—"Men!—before I came on deck, I laid a train to the magazine!—and I would have blown all on board into eternity, before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny—I never would have survived the dishonour of my ship!—go to your duty." The men were much affected by the commodore's address, and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition. They were a good crew, but had been seduced by the allurements of the islands, and the plausible representations of a villain. That they did their duty to their flag, it is only necessary to say—that the same crew fought the ship afterwards against the Phebe, and Cherub, in the harbour of Valparaiso, where, though the American flag descended—it descended in a blaze of glory which will long shine on the pages of history. But mark the sequel of this mutiny—and let those who, *in the calm security of their fire-sides*, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations, see how much innocent blood would have been saved, if White had been cut down instantly, or hung at the yard arm. As he went overboard, he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance and paddled ashore. Some few months afterwards, when Lieutenant Gamble of the Marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the large prizes, short handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of

a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of the men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands. The blood of those innocent men, and the lives of two meritorious officers would have been spared, if the wretch had been put to instant death—as was the commodore's intention. It will be recollected, that the Essex, in getting under way, out of the harbour of Valparaiso, carried away her foretopmast in a squall, and being thus unmanageable, came to anchor in the supposed protection of a neutral port—nevertheless the Phebe, frigate, and Cherub, sloop-of-war, attacked her in this position—the former with her long guns, selecting her distance—cutting her up at her leisure—while the Essex, armed only with carronades, lay perfectly helpless—her shot falling short of the Phebe, although they reached the Cherub, which was forced to get out of their range. "I was standing," said my informant, then a midshipman only fourteen years old, "I was standing at the side of one of our bow chasers, (the only long guns we had,) which we had run aft out of the stern port—when the Phebe bore up, and ran under our stern to rake us. As she came within half-pistol shot (!) she gave us her whole broadside at the same instant. —I recollect it well!" said the officer—"for as I saw the flash, I involuntarily closed my eyes—expecting that she would have blown us out of the water—and she certainly would have sunk us on the spot, but firing too high, her shot cut our masts and rigging all to pieces, doing little injury to the hull. Singular as it may seem, the discharge of our one gun caused more slaughter than the whole of their broadside, for while we had but one man wounded, the shot from our gun killed two of the men at the wheel of the Phebe, and

glancing with a deep gouge on the main-mast, mortally wounded her first Lieutenant, who died on the following day

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Long Island Sound—NEW ENGLAND TRADITIONS.—There are few countries where traditions and legends are handed down from generation to generation with more fidelity than in New England, more particularly along the sea-coast and the shores of the Sound. The "fire ship" is supposed even now by the old fishermen to be seen cruising occasionally in the vicinity of Block Island in the furious storms of thunder and lightning. The tradition is, that she was taken by pirates—all hands murdered, and abandoned after being set on fire by the bucaneers. Some accounts state that a large white horse which was on board, was left near the foremast to perish in the flames—and in storms of peculiarly terriffic violence that she may be seen, rushing along enveloped in fire, the horse stamping and pawing at the heel of the foremast, her phantom crew assembled at quarters. In the early part of the last century, a ship came ashore a few miles beyond Newport, on one of the beaches—all sails set—the table prepared for dinner, but the food untouched, and no living thing on board of her. It was never ascertained what had become of her crew—but it was supposed that she had been abandoned in some moment of alarm, and that they all perished, although the vessel arrived in safety.

The phantom horse will recall to mind a real incident, which occurred not long since in the conflagration of one of the large steamboats on Lake Erie. A fine race horse was on board, and secured, as is usual, forward. Of course his safety was not looked to, while all were making vain efforts to save themselves from their horrible fate. As the flames

came near him he succeeded in tearing himself loose from his fastenings, rushing frantically through the fire and smoke fore and aft, trampling down the unfortunate victims that were in his way, adding still more horror to a scene which imagination can hardly realize, until frenzied with the pain and agony of the fire, he plunged overboard and perished.

But the favourite and most cherished traditions are those relating to hidden treasure. The writer well recollects one to which his attention was attracted in his childhood. Mr. ———, inhabiting one of those fine old mansions in Newport, which had been built fifty years before, by an English gentleman of fortune, where taste and caprice had been indulged to the extreme, and where closets, and beaufets, and cellars, and pantries, appeared to meet one at every turn, was engaged late one winter's night writing in his study, when he found it necessary to replenish his fire with fuel. The servants having retired, he took a candle and went himself to the cellar to procure it, and as he passed the vault called the "wine cellar," his attention was attracted by a light streaming through the key-hole of the door. He stopped a moment and called out supposing that some of the family were in the apartment—but instantly the light vanished. He stepped up to the door and endeavoured to open it, but found to his surprise that it was fastened,—a thing that was unusual as the door constantly stood ajar. Calling out again, "who's there?" without receiving any answer, he placed his foot against the door, and forced it open, when a sight met his eyes, which for a moment chained him to the spot. In the centre of the cellar in a deep grave which had been already dug, and leaning upon his spade, was a brawny negro, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and the sweat trickling down his glisten-

ing black visage, while on the pile of earth made from the excavation, stood another negro, a drawn sword in one hand, a lantern with the light just extinguished in the other, and an open bible with two hazle rods across it, lying at his feet —these swart labourers the moment that the door was thrown open, making the most earnest signs for silence. As soon as Mr. ——— could command his voice, he demanded the meaning of what he saw and what they were about. They both simultaneously then declared that the charm was broken by his voice. One of the worthies, who was the groom of the family, had dreamed five nights in succession, that old Mr. E—— the builder of the house, had buried a bootful (!) of gold in that cellar—and on comparing notes with his brother dreamer, he found that his visions also pointed to treasure in the old house, and they had proceeded secundem artem to its attainment, both vehemently declaring that they intended to give part of the treasure to Mr. ———. Of course, the door being opened, the strange negro was required to add the darkness of his visage to that of night, while the groom was on pain of instant dismission, together with the threat of the ridicule of the whole town, directed to fill up the grave, and thereafter to let the buried treasure sleep where its owner had seen fit to deposit it.

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